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The Week

BY FAVORING Mr. Garner's resolution for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, though by six votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority, the House of Representatives acted in a highly salutary manner. The strength of the Wet sentiment was effectively demonstrated; the close vote in a Congress which formerly had a large Dry majority proves that a repeal resolution will ultimately be passed by the new House. And by failing to pass this resolution, the House gave time for more mature consideration of the course which repeal ought to take. Mr. Garner's method is, we believe, open to weighty objections; the provision for ratification by state conventions may not aid repeal but hurt it, while the Drys will certainly be able to put up a much stronger fight in many states if flat repeal without consideration of a desirable substitute is proposed. Another gain from the defeat is the fact that it makes necessary a special session of the new Congress next spring. There will be many urgent duties, aside from prohibition repeal, awaiting the legislators. Again, having disposed of this question for the present session, Congress will have more time to devote to economic matters which are of infinitely greater importance. Passage of the Garner resolution would have led to long debate in the Senate, and Congress would have become so bogged down in the repeal controversy that in the short session it would scarcely have been able to do anything else.

CONGRESS opened under guard. Capitol Hill was blue-black with policemen and busy with the scurrying of police motorcycles. A double line of bluecoats, armed with riot guns and tear gas, stood blocking the Capitol steps. Inside the building, there were extra guards and plain-clothes men with their coats suspiciously bulging over the hip. A delegation of liberals visiting Speaker Garner on an errand of remonstrance was met at the door to his office by half a dozen uniformed men who passed tear-gas capsules from one to another. The Speaker did not receive the delegation. Outside, it was preceded across the Capitol grounds by plain-clothes men and followed by policemen. The once hospitable city looked for all the world like the capital of some banana republic on the day after a revolution.

THE reception afforded the hunger marchers in Washington was a striking combination of military efficiency and military ineptitude. As the three columns of trucks entered the city—one from New York and New England with 1,100 delegates, one from the West with about 1,700 and one from the South with less than 250—they were rapidly escorted, past red lights, green lights and long lines of waiting traffic, to a lonely section of New York Avenue which would serve as a detention camp. All sorts of preparations had been made for guarding them. The hundreds of policemen who blocked the two ends of the street could sweep the whole length of it with their machine guns. In the railroad yards below were dozens of detectives to see that nobody tried to cross the tracks. On the bluff above were squads of police

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with gas masks, tear gas and a new nauseating gas in the use of which they had just been given intensive drills. Behind these squads, a field telephone service was strung from tree to tree, and still further in the rear were metropolitan park policemen to see that no stragglers escaped through the woods. Nobody could enter the detention area, nobody could leave it, without official permission. And in case of "eventualities," the Regular Army was waiting at Fort Myer to take over the city on an hour's notice.

MILITARY efficiency could go no further—but neither could military ineptitude. All these brave preparations were based on the ridiculous notion that three thousand unarmed men and women were a threat to the government. The result was to transform them into a real threat to public health and to the self-respect of public officials. In the spot selected for their detention camp, there were no facilities whatever for human habitation —no shelter, no kitchens, no heat, no water, no sanitary arrangements of any sort—only a bare stretch of windswept concrete on which the marchers could stretch out and sleep. Below them in the railroad yards were enough empty and unused pullman cars to house the whole three thousand. In the city there were dozens of halls and garages which the hunger marchers could hire if the officials once gave their permission. But at least until Tuesday morning, they were being held prisoner under conditions that might easily give rise to an epidemic. And having got them into that position—having successfully violated their constitutional rights—the police didn't know what to do with them. A good riot would solve the difficulties of the police—but the marchers were too well disciplined to let a riot be started. Many people were beginning to ask why they shouldn't be allowed to hold their demonstration, and present their demands, and lodge themselves at the expense of their organization, and then go home in as orderly a manner as they came. Solutions like this are usually too simple for the official mind.

DURING the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera in Spain, the International Telegraph and Telephone Company—the international branch of the A. T. and T.—made a contract with the Spanish government by means of which it hoped to make a profit out of providing Spain with telephone service. Since that time Spain has had a Socialist revolution. The Spanish people did not like de Rivera or the monarchy, and threw them both out; and they did not like the system of running public service for private profit and decided to put an end to it. Consequently the Cortes is now planning to abrogate the contract negotiated between de Rivera and the American telephone magnates. Our Department of State has objected strongly to this procedure and, it is reported, threatens even to sever diplomatic relations if the act of confiscation is carried through. It is, in other words, defending American capitalists against Spanish national socialism. This is not our idea of a just, a wise, or a diplomatic attitude to take. Can the United States government guarantee to American profit-seekers that the system under which they endeavor to make their gains will endure against popular wrath in all countries? Is not the risk of confiscation by a possible socialist government one of the proper and inevitable risks that American investors in foreign countries must bear? Will the American people back up American capitalists in an effort to enforce capitalism on an unwilling world? Our idea is that business contracts are not the most sacred things in life; that they have not, for instance, a validity superior to popular revolutions. We believe that the friendship of the Spanish people is more valuable to the United States than the vanished profits of the I. T. and T.

SUPERFICIALLY it would seem that the von Schleicher government in Germany differs but little in either program or personnel from its predecessor. Like the von Papen Cabinet, it was appointed by von Hindenburg in violation of the Weimar Constitution; as a presidial government it is responsible only to the president of the Reich. The present Chancellor appears more conciliatory, more a man among men, more capable of winning popular support and political backing, than the irascible von Papen, who had no patience with political maneuvers and made no effort to appeal to the masses. Actually the new Chancellor is far from being the suave, amiable politician who is all things to all men. He is a man of indomitable purpose, unhampered by fettering principles and free from party bonds. He is a militarist to the core, who conceals behind his protestations against a military dictatorship the fact that he has used his power as head of the Reichswehr for more than a decade to dictate the course of the national government. Whether he will be able to navigate the turbulent waters of German politics that wrecked the von Papen regime remains to be seen. Certainly he is too astute and experienced a statesman to have underestimated the difficulties of his position. Indeed, it is more than probable that the period of indecision preceding his appointment was devoted to a careful weighing of the factors which would make for success or failure, before von Schleicher indicated his readiness to accept the proffered responsibility.

VON SCHLEICHER'S position appears precarious enough. The labor parties regard him as their implacable enemy. The National Socialists, too, with whose program he has been in sympathy, although he would prefer to lead Germany back to conservative monarchism without dividing honor and power with the Hitlerites, are holding aloof, refusing to accept a subordinate role. But

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von Schleicher knows that he cannot hope to create a permanent government based on military power without the support of an organized mass movement. The National Socialists alone could be counted on to provide this mass support, particularly since they are in full accord with von Schleicher's principal aims—the setting up of a military dictatorship, the suppression of labor, the emasculation of the labor unions, the crushing of the Communist movement and the restoration of the Hohenzollern monarchy. The Chancellor's continuous conversations with the Nazi Goehring, president of the old and the new Reichstag, prove that he is making every effort to bring about such an understanding, while Hitler's sudden trip to Berlin during the first part of this week suggests progress in this direction. If von Schleicher succeeds in persuading a Reichstag majority to consent to an adjournment until after the Christmas holidays and is not forced to present his program to that body before the middle of January, he may, with his gift for playing with men and movements, win over Hitler and his followers to a toleration policy by granting important concessions.

SINCE the election, Mr. Roosevelt has been in the headlines for definite reasons twice, and on both occasions his actions have been disappointing. It is true that he has no technical responsibility for war debts in this Congress, that he probably could not have changed the attitude of its members by making a joint appeal with Mr. Hoover, that he is embarrassed by his campaign commitments and that an intelligent policy needs far more time than he had available. His policy of refusing to help Mr. Hoover solve his immediate dilemma was undoubtedly good politics for which there are excellent excuses. But history is not made by shrewd politicians or by men who have good excuses for doing nothing in a great international crisis. History is made by men with courage enough to cut through the underbrush of technicality, reveal the fundamental facts and act upon them. . . . Mr. Roosevelt's other appearance in the news has been because of magazine articles he has written, one for Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's Liberty and the other for Mr. William Randolph Hearst's Cosmopolitan Magazine. Both these articles have been written since the election, and both discuss public affairs; between them, they constitute a rough draft of what we may expect in Mr. Roosevelt's first message to Congress after he has been inaugurated. We submit that a declaration of this sort by the President-elect comes close to being a state paper, and that it ought not to be sold to any magazine, still less to those with the standards of Messrs. Macfadden and Hearst. We hope Mr. Roosevelt will now stop writing for money until he is a private citizen again.

IN The New Republic of November 30, we published an editorial article, "World Debts and Domestic Deflation," in which we urged that the case for scaling down the domestic debts is as valid as that for reducing the foreign obligations. That this has occurred to a good many people, and is having an effect upon Congress, is becoming increasingly evident. In his syndicated column for Monday of this week, Walter Lippmann writes from Washington of the predicament of many members of Congress, evidently as a result of conversations with some of them. What he says in effect is that they don't dare reduce the war debts unless they can reduce internal debt as well. Farm mortgages amount to about as much money as the war debts; urban mortgages are nearly three times as much. Any member of Congress who tried to set free the foreign debtors and ignored the plight of his own countrymen wouldn't dare go home and face his constituency. But the way out of this dilemma is not to maintain the status quo, and reduce neither; on the contrary, it is to reduce them both. The legal difficulties in the way of reducing the domestic debt are admittedly great; but what is the alternative?

REPUBLICAN politicians, a few days ago, were urging Mr. Hoover to take a firm stand against cancellation or revision of the war debts, on the ground that such a course would make him popular with the country. But why, in the name of Heaven, should he listen to such advice? In three months he will retire to private life; it is almost a certainty that he will never again be elected to any public office. For the first time since the presidential bee stung him in 1920, he can stand up straight, throw back his shoulders and tell the truth without having to count the cost. We do not assume that the President has usually had a knowledge superior to his acts; yet there is no doubt that on some matters, and war debts in particular, he has "pulled his punch" for political reasons. As a lame-duck President he has a priceless and unique opportunity to return to those first principles of engineering which he has so sadly neglected since he was graduated from college. If he would now forget about politics and politicians (most of whom, even in his own party, secretly hate him and have always hated him), if he would speak out bluntly as to what he thinks ought to be done, he would win in the next three months more of the respect, perhaps even the affection, of his fellow countrymen than he has had at any time since the end of the War.

ECHOES of at least one recent election contest will be heard in the Seventy-third Congress. Last September rock-ribbed Maine elected a Democratic Governor. Two out of three Congressmen were apparently Democrats. But announcement that in the third district former Governor Ralph O. Brewster had been defeated by John G. Utterback proved premature. Irregularities in certain French-speaking towns in northern Aroostook indicate a commanding margin of legitimate votes for Brewster. The contest was a smaller-scale replica of the

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devious attempt two years ago by the Republican National Committee to drive Senator Norris from public life. Brewster has long been anathema to the Maine G.O.P. organization. He vetoed the Insull power-export bill in 1927 and when his successor, William Tudor Gardiner, signed a similar measure, campaigned against it on referendum. Almost single-handed in his party, Brewster fought for retention of the direct primary. Invariably he has been found battling for progressive measures and against the Republican machine. It defeated his two attempts to obtain his party's nomination for the Senate.

THIS year, hopeless of beating him for Congress in the primary, it entered, in the Democratic primary, a candidate of its own, a reactionary never before identified with the Democracy. With the vote split among three regular Democrats, this neo-Jeffersonian was nominated. In the ensuing inter-party contest, the Republican machine worked for this man, Utterback. His election by 297 votes was reported. But Brewster's experience with electoral chicanery is not new. In his first gubernatorial primary his defeat was recorded; he demonstrated that it had been accomplished by ballot stuffing, and won nomination and election. The present irregularities include precincts with his opponent's name written in for every voter (and in one case for more voters than exist) all in the same handwriting. He challenged the Governor's Council to act. Upon request the state supreme court rendered the opinion that it was mandatory for Governor and Council to exclude the votes of such precincts as violated the state's electoral laws. A motion to do so was defeated by a tie vote with Governor Gardiner and three Old Guardsmen in opposition. Neither candidate is therefore certified. Unless the court rules further, the next House must decide.

Who Pays for Shorter Hours?

THE DETERMINATION of the American Federation of Labor to obtain the thirty-hour week is modest indeed, in view of the technical possibilities of production in modern industry. At depression standards of living, there are probably not thirty hours' weekly work for two-thirds of the industrial wage earners. Without a single gain in efficiency, or the elimination of any of the enormous economic waste incidental to our clumsy order, employment for all the workers at no more than thirty hours would thus make possible a total product about 50 percent larger than at present. Estimates of what would be possible with better management range upward from this minimum. Not a few engineers hold that, if we took full advantage of the facilities which applied science offers us, and if the whole population were sustained on a level as high as it could possibly desire, there would not be anywhere near as much as thirty hours' work per week to distribute to those looking for jobs.

This being the case, it is curious to note the reluctance of many of the daily editorial writers, and of the employers whose opinions they represent, to endorse the A. F. of L.'s attitude. They are just as conscious as anyone else of the large truths noted above. They are among the leaders in the movement to "share work" by shortening actual hours because there is nowhere near enough work to go round. They do not really believe that the nation's production could not be accomplished in a thirty-hour week; or if they do, they are not foolhardy enough to say so. What they balk at is the effect which the labor proposal may have on the distribution of income. When work is "shared" according to the formula of the relief committees, pay is shared, too. Thus employed labor bears the burden of the shorter hours, and costs are not increased for the employer. But a union demand for a shorter work-week carries two implications absent from the usual work-sharing plan. In the first place, it proposes the same weekly pay as before for the shorter time. In the second place, it is a formal demand for the establishment of a condition supposed to be permanent, and tenaciously maintained in prosperity as well as in depression.

If such a demand is won, it necessitates (a) an immediate jump in labor-cost per hour and (b) a continuance of this increased cost—except in so far as technical advances obviate it—after prosperity returns. This means that labor gets more, and stockholders and bondholders less than would otherwise be the case. No matter what the necessities and possibilities of the situation from the standpoint of the community at large, those representing the interests of capital may be counted upon, with minor exceptions, to oppose any such change. They do so at present of course in veiled terms. This is a time, they say, for coöperation and not for struggle. Industry cannot stand any higher costs. What they really mean is that conflict should be avoided by the passivity of labor, and that industry should not distribute any more purchasing power to the workers, in order that it may continue to distribute as much as possible to stockholders and bondholders.

There is little question that many who talk in this way sincerely believe that this is the essential condition of keeping whatever volume of employment we have, and of making possible a revival. They are caught in a vicious circle. Capitalist industry cannot be carried on indefinitely without paying rewards and offering incentives to those who lend money and those who invest in productive resources. This is the segment of the circle which is constantly before their eyes. But capitalist industry—or any industry using modern devices—cannot be carried on indefinitely at full capacity without paying those who are employed in it enough to buy its products. This is the other segment which closes the vicious circumference, and

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which the owners of industry customarily ignore in practice—though they have in theory caught glimpses of it in recent years. It is, of course, not true that all industry is now profitless and could not afford higher labor costs. But it is true of important sectors of industry, and it will remain true until either more capital deflation takes place or consumers' demand is enlarged. Employers fail to practise the principles which in the abstract are essential for the welfare of society, not solely because they are selfish, but also because the existing set-up of industry makes it impossible for them to do so.

If labor spokesmen understood this fact, they would also understand that the introduction of shorter working hours is not the panacea which they sometimes represent it to be. It is, of course, desirable and reasonable; it is a logical accompaniment of a highly productive society which must more and more turn to leisure and cultural activities in order to occupy its time. It does tend, in so far as it can be introduced at the expense of capital rather than of labor, to redistribute whatever income is produced. But it does not cure the basic disorders of our economy. It does not increase the total output of industry. It does not cure a depression or prevent others in the future. Indeed, because of the resistance of employers, many of whom are now unable to grant the demand, most unions will, during depression, be unsuccessful in winning shorter hours except by paying for them through a corresponding reduction of earnings.

One group of employers who are more sincerely devoted to the ultimate program of full employment at shorter hours than are most, has developed a plan which offers a better practical compromise than the ordinary one of work-sharing. In Nashua, New Hampshire, a group of church laymen evolved a scheme which has come to be called the "New Hampshire Plan." Though no fixed schedule is set for the working week, which is supposed to be adjusted according to the requirements of the enterprise in question, this plan is similar to labor's in that the shorter hours adopted are supposed to be made permanent. The money to pay for the extra employees taken on is derived, not solely from the wage bill, but from executives' salaries and dividends as well (provided any dividends are being paid). And the percentages of deduction are graduated according to the size of the wages and salaries in question. Thus in part it accords with labor's demand that the expense of shorter hours shall be met by capital. It is understood also that former weekly wages shall be restored as soon as the earnings of the business permit, though the old working week is not resumed.

This plan has been urged upon the national authorities leading the work-sharing movement, largely on ethical grounds. The ethical argument has an economic tinge, given it by the statement that no scheme of relief will work unless those participating have the confidence and sense of security created by the feeling that the sacrifice involved is mutual, that the jobs created are permanent, and that something of lasting value is being accomplished. Nevertheless, this combined appeal to ethics and self-interest of employers has been almost without result, except in local and isolated cases. It has made no impression whatever on the President's work-sharing committee.

Labor's drive for a shorter working week is the only possible substitute for a movement of this kind. It brings to bear the pressure of interest and conviction on the part of the class immediately concerned. If the unions would take over some of the temporary devices evolved by the Nashua employers, they might make progress even in the industries which at present are not earning enough to pay higher labor costs. In any event, there is no assurance whatever that labor will be generally successful in bringing about a drastic and permanent reduction of working hours, without incurring the expense thereof, except by means of their own power and watchfulness. Economic and political pressure will be essential to this end. And labor must go on to much more far-reaching measures before there can be any assurance that industry will be so managed and coördinated as to be capable of employing everyone who needs employment at high wages, no matter how short the working week may be.

Military Strike Duty

TWICE in the last few months The New Republic has called attention to the orders issued by the high command of the Illinois National Guard in a manual entitled "Emergency Plans for Domestic Disturbances." The emphasis upon the provision of "an ample supply of ball ammunition," and the order, "Never fire over the heads of rioters. The aim should be low, with full charge ammunition and the battle sight," etc., seemed to us dangerously provocative directions for young soldiers whose primary duty is to keep the peace. The reply of General Roy D. Keehn, in command of the Illinois National Guard, to representations made to him by citizens of that state was to the effect that the passages to which objection was made "are almost without exception copied from the manual of the War Department or are modified passages from the manual." The manual referred to is "A Treatise on Riot Duty for the National Guard," prepared for the Militia Bureau by Henry A. Bellows, formerly Colonel, Fourth Regiment, Minnesota Infantry, and issued by authority of the Secretary of War, F. W. Lewis, Adjutant General. While the possible necessity of dealing with a mob by rifle fire, machine guns and the bayonet is envisaged by Colonel Bellows, his emphasis is upon the avoidance of this necessity. His text is not when to kill, but when not to kill. The discrepancies

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between this official document of the War Department and the behavior of the Illinois state troops now on strike duty in Christian County are such that we feel justified in calling the attention of Governor Emmerson and General Keehn to them.

Colonel Bellows states: "Military protection takes no cognizance of classes nor has it any ulterior purpose to serve; its sole purpose is to protect by force the people of the United States against the enemies of their government." According to the City Attorney of Taylorville, a center of the Peabody Coal Company, the troops were sent into the city following a slight disturbance, against the advice of officers of the National Guard, and by reason of political pressure upon the Governor by coal operators.

Colonel Bellows points out that in industrial difficulties "since the property particularly exposed to attack belongs to one of the parties to the controversy, the other side—the strikers—will naturally assume that the troops are acting solely on behalf of property owners. Every possible measure should be taken to demonstrate that this is not the case, and that the troops are working for the best interests of all law-abiding citizens. They should take pains to assist strikers in anything that is entirely legitimate for them to do."

The City Attorney of Taylorville reports: "As soon as the troops arrived, orders were issued barring any public meetings of any kind or character, and a mass meeting of the miners which was scheduled to be held in the city park was broken up." Two revival meetings in the city were closed. Detachments of soldiers have been placed under the command of bosses and superintendents of the Peabody Coal Company.

Colonel Bellows is particularly explicit in defining the rights of strikers. "The law permits peaceful picketing, and it is not illegal to shout 'scab' at a non-striking workman; but if picketing has precipitated, or is clearly on the point of precipitating, a riot, it becomes a breach of the peace. In such a case it is generally enough to use the 'Move-on' order and insist that the pickets keep moving so as not to obstruct traffic."

When, on the arrival of troops at Taylorville, the Peabody Coal Company opened a mine, the soldiers were ordered to prevent picketing of any kind. On that morning three leading citizens were arrested by soldiers for having expressed themselves as in sympathy with the strikers. The "Move-on" order was used in an annoying fashion, citizens being ordered indoors from their own front yards. In Tovey, a small town near Taylorville, two high-school girls were arrested for not obeying the order promptly, and imprisoned in the Taylorville jail.

Colonel Bellows states: "Under no circumstances should the military permit itself to be placed under obligations to either party in an industrial dispute; even the appearance of obligation hampers its independence of action." The City Attorney states that he has positive evidence that the gasoline for the automobiles and trucks used by the militia is being paid for by the Peabody Coal Company.

Colonel Bellows is particularly explicit on the subject of gun fire. "Legally rifle fire is justified (a) when troops are attacked in order to save their lives, under the general law covering justifiable homicide; and (b) in order to quell a riot which cannot otherwise be dispersed, provided a felonious action has been committed, or clearly will be committed if the mob is not scattered. Rifle fire is never justified in law when the acts committed by members of the crowd amount only to misdemeanors, even though the command to fire be given to support the authority of military orders lawfully issued."

These careful instructions seem to have been disregarded in the case of Andrew Gyenes, of Tovey, and we cannot feel that this disobedience is entirely unconnected with the provocative orders issued to the Illinois National Guard. Gyenes, a striker, was engaged in a verbal encounter with his next-door neighbor, a Mrs. Miller. Her husband, a deputy sheriff, took a hand and called upon soldiers passing in an automobile to arrest Gyenes. The corporal in command ordered Gyenes to advance and surrender while he counted three. According to an eye-witness, Gyenes was holding up his arm and moving toward the automobile when at count three the corporal fired. Other shots were fired and the car sped away, leaving Gyenes to die of shock and loss of blood. It is reported that eight thousand people attended his funeral. It is further reported that the corporal has already been exonerated by the military authorities. We submit that the case should not be allowed to rest here, but should follow the course suggested by Colonel Bellows in reference to a responsible officer: "If he fires needlessly, he may be guilty of manslaughter, if not of murder." We further submit that the wretched corporal is not the only man on trial. Governor Emmerson and General Keehn seem to be pointed out by another of Colonel Bellows's sentences. "The enlisted man, whether in the army or the National Guard, is going to be just about the sort of soldier his officers make of him."

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The Art of Conferring

THE Disarmament Conference has suddenly grown interesting. Geneva had been for many months a graveyard so dismal that the mourners of buried hopes had ceased to visit it. It is now frequented again. The French and the British are there in their best ceremonial clothes. The Germans stand watching it, at a little distance from the gates. One is tempted to stroll in again: one need not look at the tombstones, and it is amusing to watch the crowds. Once you have realized that your lost hope is six feet under the sod, the tragedy, after all, is over. And this graveyard offers a unique chance to the sedentary traveler who may, by listening to the funeral orations, make the acquaintance of some distinguished and influential men. Disarmament is dead, but policy is very much alive. M. Herriot's was a noble effort in the best French funerary style: there has been nothing better since Bossuet. Sir John Simon's was dry and verged on dullness, but had the merit of being authentically English. On the whole, I liked the silent mourners best: the Germans showed genuine feeling. Among them all, it must be admitted, Disarmament has had a handsome funeral.

Let us see where, after these orations, we stand. There are two ways of disarming. You may do it simply, empirically, in the Anglo-Saxon (or, if you prefer it, the Anglo-American) way, taking the world as you find it. You may also do it elaborately, logically, in the Latin manner, reducing the world to an orderly system before you consent to begin. Either of these methods may be used with equal effect, if your purpose be to avoid disarming. Mr. Hoover's plan is the classical example of the former and M. Herriot's of the latter method. Sir John Simon's is not properly a plan at all. It is a qualification of the Hoover plan, or as some suspect a counter-proposal nicely designed to nullify it. From that standpoint it is well conceived. But the outstanding merit of the French plan must be frankly admitted. With this plan one might spend eternity disarming. Could one be more virtuously employed?

The simple plans stand to one another in a certain order of paternity. The Russian model came first, with its bold proposal to halve all existing forces—land, sea and air—sparing only in some degree those of the weakest powers. It was unanimously rejected; instinctively civilization smelt the outcast. Mr. Hoover followed. He could not be rejected in this summary way: all Europe owes him money. Moreover, his plan is in itself more congenial than the brutally direct Russian scheme. It proposes a cut not of one-half, but only of one-third. It does not spare the weaker powers. It introduces, moreover, sundry subtleties in the counting of armies, which the greater powers very properly welcomed. None the less, it did mean something very plain, very difficult to evade, in some of its chapters, notably that which dealt with navies. Five minutes (more or less) after the ink had dried on the Treaty of Geneva, five American, five British and three Japanese battleships, rated in round figures at 35,000 tons apiece, would have been sold for scrap-iron, with a corresponding number of cruisers and minor craft.

To stave off that shocking prospect the best official brains in London went to work. This Middle Western crudity underwent a most elegant sublimation. In the British counter-proposals no ships will be scrapped at once. Scrapping will begin only when it is otherwise due, only, that is to say, after the five years' interval prescribed at the London Conference, and then only gradually. In this manner no fighting ship will be wasted while still capable of doing good lethal work. In the second place Downing Street saw a certain symmetrical beauty in the number fifteen: it must have this number of battleships, together with its present total of cruisers, no more but no less. It would, however, reduce tonnage, for battleships to 22,000 tons and for cruisers to 7,000 tons, and scale down guns as well. In this manner, not indeed today, nor all at once, but at some foreseeable day in the distant future, Mr. Hoover's object would have been attained. Navies would in tonnage be cut by one-third. In making this proposal Downing Street doubtless foresaw the argument that must follow —over the details of "parity" during the long years of scrapping and rebuilding, and over the American preference for large units which can cruise without depending too much on their bases and fueling stations. The simple plan was simple no longer.

Over aircraft I cannot think that the British government was equally well inspired. It has, indeed, complicated the debate no less effectually, but its technique was less elegant and assured. The navy is the older and more experienced service. The performance began with a speech of real emotional power by Mr. Baldwin. No pacifist has depicted the abominations of an aerial bombardment in such moving language. The speech should have had as its logical conclusion a proposal for the instant and total abolition of all military aircraft. Nine in every ten of Mr. Baldwin's hearers gave, and still give, that forthright statesman full credit for actually making that salutary proposal. That result achieved, the British government proceeded to make a wholly different suggestion. It proposed that the relative strength of its own air

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force should be notably raised; for that would be the most obvious and immediate consequence of Sir John Simon's Genevan speech. The British government would like to see a reduction of all air forces, including its own, by one-third. But before this can happen, every rival power must first scale down its air force to the British level. This was in effect to invite the French to reduce their aerial power to less than one-half, which done, they must again cut it by one-third. This ingenuous proposal omitted what might reasonably have been expected —a compensating offer to scale down the British navy to the French level. By way of parenthesis there was also a suggestion at some vaguely future date of total disarmament in the air, from which, however, the British Empire shall be exempt in "certain regions"—presumably those same unspecified regions of the East where Sir Austen Chamberlain contracted out of the Kellogg Pact.

The reader will perceive that the attractive simplicity of the Hoover plan has vanished in these British variations. It wholly ignored the German complication. With that there enters an almost infinite range of arguable diversity. It is agreed in Europe that Germany shall enjoy equality, or to be precise, moral equality. This means in the air (to take that example) that the British Empire (after cutting its force by a third) would possess approximately one thousand fighting airplanes, while Germany would have none. It is, however, only when we turn to the French effort that this question develops the whole gamut of its complexity.

The French propose to disarm only when they have obtained from all the rest of us assurances of the widest range and the most binding stringency. What these are they stated with admirable lucidity. What was less obvious in their memorandum was the degree to which they will then disarm. That was unaccountably forgotten, but in its place we were dazzled by an elaborate account of how French armaments shall be rearranged, and baptised under new names to sanctified uses.

The assurances which France requires are formidable. Mr. Stimson's *obiter dictum* about the duty of consultation, should the Kellogg Pact be violated, must be converted into a contractual bond. The trifling matter of the freedom of the seas must be disposed of, in President Wilson's sense, so that trading with a violator of the Pact shall be forbidden. The British navy is explicitly roped in for action against any power which may have violated the Covenant. The violation shall be certified by a group of diplomatists in the victim's capital, and the action set in motion by a bare majority of the League's Council. Finally, in this event, the shock troops and the air forces of all the Continental members of the League are automatically involved in the general engagement. All this is startling: some of it may be salutary: but it is calculated to bring in response from every government affected, save indeed from the present allies of France, a chorus of reservations and even of negations. Yet only unanimous assent would induce the French to disarm.

Their disarming will take the form of a reclassification of their present forces. Their conscript army will still stand at its maximum: every physically fit man will be trained, though the period of service may be reduced. Their professional army, with their vast reserves of "offensive" material, is placed at the disposal of the League—a gesture which seems to dispense them from reduction. They retain, apparently undiminished, their whole colonial professional army and their African troops, useful, as all the world knows, for service in Europe. Their more formidable aircraft are sanctified by baptism according to the Genevan rite. Here, indeed, is a powerful army for the League. The plan, however, seems to leave it none the less an army of French soldiers under French officers, which would march, with all their sanctified cannon, upon any objective which Paris might prescribe.

The bearing of all this on the German problem awaits elucidation. Germany shall have equality, but only "by stages." Some complicated processes of arithmetic appear to be involved, and it would be rash to suppose that equal numbers of men, horses and guns will face each other across the Rhine. At some stage, however, and in some undisclosed ratio, Germany will possess both a conscript army and a professional force, baptised for the League's service, together with airmen who will perform their functions of pacification by raining destruction, at its summons, from the skies.

Among performers who are all in the first rank it is difficult to award the palm. The prime object of all who participate loyally in a conference should be to keep it going. The interest should never flag. Our sense of drama must be aroused. Division and opposition, sharp and irreconcilable, there must be, and yet it should be evident that the same purpose animates all participants. It is a sound rule so to frame one's propositions that some other power must necessarily dissent. It will be readily agreed that all the Great Powers have observed this first principle. The verdict will depend, I think, on whether one prefers a conscious to an unconscious artist. Mr. Hoover has it, I think, by long odds in the unconscious class. He really believed that his proposition would, or at least should, obtain general assent. But how surely did instinct guide him! How perfectly did Nature teach him so to frame it that the British, the French and the Germans must necessarily disagree! Sir John Simon's art may be considered by good judges excessively conscious: it came from the study; it smelt of preparation. He was too manifestly setting the stage for the next performer: he gave their cue too audibly now to the Americans, and then to the French. But this, too, was loyally

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done. For myself I am lost in wonder at the richness and versatility of the French display. For it must stimulate every other member of the team to counterplay no less trenchant. The masterly stroke was the single omission in this otherwise so comprehensive scheme. For nowhere did the French propose to remove the grievances of the Germans before we rearm them. Conceive, for example, what must have happened if the French had suggested a means of revising the territorial clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Everyone would then have disarmed at once, spontaneously and without bargaining. The spice would be out of disarmament, and the Conference would have been over in a week. All good art demands this instinct for omission.

Certainly in this year of crisis we are fortunate in our conferences. It is a nice question whether we should congratulate ourselves more heartily on the Economic Conference, which cannot begin, or on the Disarmament Conference, which cannot end.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Organizing Hunger

DURING the last two years a new "institution" has arisen in America—the organization of the unemployed. These organizations have come into being without benefit of historical precedent and, in so far as they are organizations of struggle, without sanction or assistance from above. They have permeated the poorest and most amorphous groups in the American masses and, in spite of incalculable obstacles, have won a right to existence and a nationwide character. A group two years ago nonexistent now plays a significant role in influencing the relief policy of municipality and state.

These organizations vary widely in form and often serve completely opposite purposes. At one pole are unemployed groups which appear to exist primarily in order that the Chamber of Commerce, the relief agency and the political machine may keep the jobless in their place and prevent them from articulating their demands. At the other extreme stand the Communist Unemployed Councils, which start with the major premise that "the amount and extent of relief which the ruling class can be compelled to provide depends upon the extent to which the unemployed and employed workers together organize and fight." Then, too, there are unemployed groups which attempt to set up isolated utopian economic units in the shadow of a world of trusts, million-dollar capital outlays and internationally organized financial combines. There is the attempt to solve the unemployment problem by collective panhandling, a procedure which often results in freeing the city of the burden of providing relief and placing it squarely on the shoulders of the jobless. Self-help proposals are combined with comprehensive programs of immediate demands in various ways.

What is the significance of this spontaneous and ubiquitous growth? It means, in effect, that a network of unemployed groups has been set up with one primary purpose—that of fighting hunger in behalf of ten million Americans. This movement has arisen primarily because government refuses to recognize the right of the workers either to employment or maintenance. It constitutes an unanswerable criticism of the irresponsible policy of Washington toward the jobless. That such a development should arise for the first time in the America of 1930 is explained by the fact that the tailspin we took in that year is practically unequaled in history. The change from the era of Fords for the proletariat to three years of insecurity and hunger means that ten million workers have been socially and economically uprooted, have been forced to forge new organizations to meet the problems of an entirely new level of existence. Finally, in so far as the unemployed organizations carry on a militant struggle, there is the recognition that the jobless can best help themselves by means of directed resistance, and as a part of a larger class struggle. In America, revolutionary actions tend to precede a revolutionary philosophy. A study of the strategy of the militant unemployed groups is the sort of historic venture which projects the future more adequately than it reflects the past.

Two months after the Wall Street crash, the Communists began the organization of the unemployed with demonstrations in Cleveland, Detroit and Philadelphia. In December plans for an independent jobless organization were set in motion.

The simultaneous hunger demonstrations of March 6, 1930, crystallized the Communist unemployed movement and paved the way for a nationwide organization. The purpose of these demonstrations was primarily that of blasting the myth that prosperity was around the corner, refuting the Pollyanna statements which were emanating from the White House and focusing national attention on the problems of the jobless.

The artillery of the Communist unemployed struggle is the mass demonstration. The premise of the Unemployed Councils is that the capitalist class will grant concessions to the jobless only to the extent that it is intimidated by "determined and uncompromising struggle." The Councils have staged demonstrations of the unemployed in Chicago, New York, Sioux City, St. Louis and other

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cities; they have organized hunger marches on state capitals (notably Albany); they have led a hunger march on Washington, and at the present time are leading another.

Mass demonstrations and hunger marches also are calculated to focus attention on the unemployment situation, to win relief through fear of disorder and violence and to create solidarity between the employed and unemployed workers.

The effectiveness of the mass demonstration when it arises from the immediate needs of the situation was shown by the united-front action of the unemployed in Chicago. The Chicago Unemployed Council and the Workers' Committee on Unemployment (Socialist) called a joint demonstration on the initiative of the former in protest against an impending 50-percent cut in relief. Tens of thousands of unemployed marched through the crowded Loop section, bearing banners and placards. A deputation of the unemployed saw Mayor Cermak and presented demands, including stoppage of evictions, free gas and light, a wider public-works program and no cut in relief. The demonstration ended with public meetings at which both Socialist and Communist leaders spoke. After the demonstration was announced, but before it actually took place, the secretary of the Illinois Emergency Committee on Unemployment hurried to Washington where he borrowed $6,300,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The relief cut was withdrawn.

The effectiveness of such demonstrations is perhaps best shown in the unwitting tribute which Mayor Cermak paid to the Unemployed Councils when he appeared before the Illinois legislature last January to obtain a twenty-million-dollar relief grant. "These Communist organizations are not new in our city," declared the mayor. "But now they find men more ready to listen to them. I say to the men who may object to this public relief because it will add to the tax burden on their property, they should be glad to pay for it, for it is the best way of ensuring that they keep that property." Mr. Goldschmidt of Governor Emmerson's Relief Commission likewise testified before the La Follette-Costigan Committee that "one little rent riot [three workers were killed] in the South Side in the Negro district helped our campaign greatly." Carl Winter of the New York Unemployed Council claims that every important unemployed demonstration resulted in a significant victory: either in increased relief appropriations or in averting a proposed relief cut. Even the tragic St. Louis riot in which police fired on an unemployed demonstration was followed by the replacement of thirteen thousand men on the city pay roll.

The Unemployed Councils are organized on the basis of block and tenement committees and flophouse, breadline and relief-center groups. These consist of employed and unemployed workers who have joined to obtain immediate neighborhood demands. The block committee usually strives to prevent evictions, to obtain free gas and electricity, better housing conditions and reductions in rent. In many cases direct action is employed. If, for example, an unemployed worker has been evicted and appeals to the Council for aid, members of the Unemployed Council go to the block where he lives, and ring all the doorbells. The residents are asked to aid in replacing the evicted worker's furniture. If police are in evidence, a street meeting is held until they decide to go away or until the meeting becomes sufficiently large to prevent them from interfering. On the basis of such a successful eviction fight, the resident workers will be urged to form a block committee of the Council. The eviction struggle is one of the most important aspects of Communist activity among the unemployed.

The breadline, flophouse and relief-center committees of the Council also fight on immediate issues. Angry deputations appear before the relief centers and demand larger allowances, the inclusion of more items in the relief basket, etc. They bring up individual cases of injustice or discrimination. If the deputation does not obtain its demands, a larger and more insistent committee returns later.

The work of the flophouse committees is of the same character—demands which must appear trivial to the well fed, but which are necessarily crucial to the jobless, are made the basis of intense agitation. In Chicago, where the flophouse committes have been an important adjunct to the unemployed organizations, their initial demands were three-foot aisle space between beds, and clean sheets and linen in the municipal lodging houses. These demands were backed by a demonstration of five thousand unemployed. As a result more tolerable conditions were obtained for the 20,000 workers who live in municipal flop houses.

The Unemployed Council movement, with an estimated strength of about three hundred thousand workers, consists of councils or nuclei in some three hundred and forty towns. The Chicago membership is about twenty-five thousand.

The central demand of the Unemployed Councils is unemployment insurance at the expense of the employers and the state. Subsidiary demands include large increases in direct relief, an extensive public-works program to absorb jobless workers at union wages, the seven-hour day, free rent, gas, light and water to all unemployed workers.

The theory of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action is that a mass labor party must be built in America on the basis of class struggle, militant trade unions and strike activity—built above all on the basis of local labor action and not by any outside political party. Therefore the C.P.L.A. assists in the unemployed work of various types of jobless organizations. It is careful to avoid any attempt at dictation; it avoids attempting to obtain credit for its work. It suggests certain lines of action, but it does not build up a national

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unemployed organization with a uniform philosophy and program.

The best known unemployed group is the Seattle Unemployed Citizens' League. This was founded by members of the local labor college with C.P.L.A. sympathies. Carl Brannin, leader of the group, explains:

> If the bankers and captains of industry who admit their helplessness in solving unemployment would stand aside we [the Unemployed Citizens' League] would show them how to deal with the problem. . . . Nor are these mere empty words, for since early last fall when the League was organized, its members have been engaged in *building a society within a state,* which, considering the handicaps to be overcome, has proven that bankers and bosses are not needed to supply those who require commodities with what they need.

Concretely, the Seattle group has mobilized its ten thousand members to cut wood for fuel on land donated by the timber companies, borrowing its tools from the city and private companies. Expeditions were sent to the country to "scour the farms for surplus potatoes, fruits and vegetables." Local commissaries have been set up. The League has panhandled fish from the surpluses of the catch; it has established local housing committees which have partially repaired hundreds of dwellings set aside for evicted families. As Carl Brannin said: "The central idea is for the unemployed to go to work to produce their own necessities. This is a sound policy which will get the support of taxpayers and business men upon whom the relief burden is heavy."

Originally it had a fairly mild program. It emphasized the fact that it was an organization of self-respecting citizens, and not of floaters. Its first slogan was "Jobs, not charity." The experiences of the Unemployed Citizens' League, however, have necessitated an abandonment of this middle-class philosophy and initially timorous approach.

A year ago the League went into politics by endorsing candidates in the local elections, and to the surprise of everyone the entire slate was elected. The outcome of this policy, however, was the League's endorsement of Democratic candidates in this year's elections. Owing to its political prestige, the League soon obtained recognition from the city. It prevented the city from issuing a special discriminatory unemployment wage scale of $1.50 to $3 a day and obtained the right to administer city relief through its own commissaries.

The present program of the Seattle League is unusually comprehensive. Increased relief; unemployment insurance; no evictions; free gas and light; moratoriums on taxes; a minimum rate of $4.50 a day for jobs on public works, are the main demands. Within the last few months the Seattle "society within a state" seems to have struck a few snags.

Carl Brannin in a recent article explains that while there was little opposition to the League so long as its activities were primarily of a self-help character, "when it began to take an interest in political action of a progressive character" the bankers and business men of Seattle decided to put it down. He points out that the mayor, who was elected with unemployed support, is now one of the leaders in attacking the League on the grounds that food is being stolen from its commissaries and relief misdirected under its management. The city has taken over the administration of relief, and has cut the rations practically in half. It is abolishing relief investigation by the unemployed themselves, and withdrawing food from the League commissaries. The leader of the Seattle League now announces the necessity of struggle and "class-concious action."

The C.P.L.A. work in Ohio has recently come to the fore. Sixteen unemployed organizations in medium-sized Ohio towns sent delegates to a preliminary conference in October, and on November 6 formed the Ohio Unemployed League. The convention prepared a budget for an unemployed family of five, and on the basis of this demanded an irreducible relief minimum of $18.35 a week. The demand for unemployment insurance at the expense of state and employer was likewise presented, plus the request that "all relief work done be at the prevailing rate of wages in the particular locality . . . with minimum of forty cents per hour."

Ohio unemployed groups seems to exert most of their pressure through committees which call on the relief agencies. L. F. Budenz quotes a delegate to the preliminary convention as saying: "We have a grievance committee which is as deaf as hell when anybody says 'No'." Committees will often call at eleven in the morning, again at two, finally later in the afternoon. This tends to overcome the resistance of the relief-administration authorities. When the Austintown unemployed group decided to send a delegation to the commissioners, the latter were sufficiently alarmed to call an immediate meeting of the township trustees. In another case, a delegation of the unemployed called on the commissioners shortly before the dinner hour. The position of refusing to give starving men food just before sitting down to one's own evening meal must surely be uncomfortable.

The C.P.L.A. groups are not on the whole believers in direct action. Meetings have been called, however, in front of houses where workers were evicted. In Allentown, Larry Heimbach brought a delegation from the unemployed league to a sheriff's sale, and not only stopped it, but by force of this example has stopped all other sheriff's sales in Lehigh County.

The signal success of the Socialists in unemployed activity is the Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment. With something like twenty thousand members, organized in fifty-two locals, the Committee has become an effective force for pressing the demands of the jobless. The Commit-

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tee has staged frequent demonstrations in front of relief centers; it has grievance committees in each branch which inspect the work of the relief centers, and make the lives of the commissioners miserable. If a grievance committee does not receive a satisfactory answer, it returns later in the day in greater numbers. If this is ineffective, demonstrations are held. Mass delegations of unemployed workers have managed to induce the radio stations to give them time on the air. They have broadcast the work of the committee, and made Chicago familiar with it. The committee likewise has a self-help program. Workers go to the farms and exchange their labor for wood, apples and other farm products. A barter system has sprung up based on the 1927 price level.

The Socialists are also active in Iowa, Oklahoma City, South Bend and other localities. The tactics of the Iowa organization involve a direct-action program against evictions and the shutting off of electricity and gas. Individual Socialists encourage the leagues to enlist unemployed gas and light workers (who have a natural resentment against the companies which have discharged them) to tap gas and electric lines for the unemployed. Socialist unemployed leagues also picket the homes of the most notorious evictors. This tends to break down the morale of sections of the upper class and to impair their enthusiasm for economies at the expense of the hungry.

In Des Moines, the Unemployed League asked for free transportation on the street cars, and didn't get it. As a result, workers in groups of ten or twenty boarded the trams and invited the frightened conductor to "charge the fares to the mayor." This is analogous to the practice in Detroit, where unemployed workers enter self-service grocery stores in groups, fill their baskets with provisions and leave openly without paying.

These seem to be the main lines of development of the militant unemployed organizations. The differences in program and tactics among these three main groups rest on the degree to which they accept the major premise that the jobless can win the right to livelihood only through struggle. In this respect the Communists are obviously the most thoroughgoing.

Parallel to this development is the growth of pure self-help organizations and "company unions" of the jobless. Here also there is a continuous line of gradation. At their worst, these latter organizations arise not as a part of the unemployed movement, but in opposition to it. They are the counteractives which the city, the Chamber of Commerce and relief agencies employ to deflect the unemployed from a program of struggle. In the development of the unemployed movement, these groups will be significant primarily as obstacles which must be transformed or overcome.

What is the ultimate significance of the militant unemployed organization? First, in the present stage of American capitalism, it is a necessity if starvation and destitution are to be lessened. It produces a definite radicalization of the masses which come within its compass, and trains them in the meaning and necessity of the class struggle. A business revival should mean that large groups from the unemployed organizations will step into the trade unions and push them toward a more militant policy. If, as Mr. Budenz believes, the rapid course of labor displacement will produce such a large "industrial reserve army" that the unemployed organizations will become a permanent feature of American capitalism, then, on the basis of the experiences of the last two years, we may infer that the jobless will constitute a decisive factor in the labor movement and a potentional revolutionary engine which cannot be ignored.

NATHANIEL WEYL.

Riding Song

Oh sun, oh good comrade, good friend
you must have a wife to go home to
or you'd not let this stoneless day end
but stretch more horizon to roam to.

On my right side you joined me, good friend,
on my left side you gallop, back darting
gold dust from your heels; and the wind
is draught of your wide departing.

Must we leave without tokens? Yours
is singed on my cheeks. Oh, I'd spare me
my saddle, my belt, my best spurs
to know that in friendship you wear me.

Here safely I tether my horse
to his ten-yard dish of pasture.
Out of dry sticks I strike dry fire
and pull on its warmth for bed vesture.

My senses creep back in my skin;
my eye, the darkness has steeped it.
I am left an islanded mind
as large as memory's heaped it.

But my island's no sealed solitude.
My mind is in call of a presence,
and like day that was spiced of you, Sun,
my night all tastes of her essence.

In the height of my head she rides
as you rode the height of heaven.
By her blush so lovingly spurred
the driver knows not how he's driven.

To my hand she's as reachless as you
but aroundly close as noon flushes,
her caresses draw tides in my blood
yet are lighter than your ray touches.

On the dustless earth of a dream
we three shall ride out together
all nations, all ages; and death?
will be but a change of the weather.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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Will the Democrats Turn Left?

ONE STRIKING lesson of the American presidential election is that millions of voters recognize no binding party allegiance. The truth of this had been suspected, but has now been established beyond cavil. In 1928 President Hoover (out of a total poll of 35,000,000) received 6,000,000 more votes than were cast for Governor Alfred E. Smith. The "Hoovercrats" must have numbered two millions. Two years later the Republicans lost control of Congress because 4,000,000 votes which had been given to Republican candidates shifted to the Democratic party. In 1932, Governor Roosevelt has a majority of nearly 7,000,000 over President Hoover. It is thus clear that millions of American voters are ready to turn against parties and candidates they have supported. The successful candidates who benefit thereby should have moments of humility when they think that party organizations and loyalty will not serve to save them from being driven from office at the next election if a sufficient percentage of the electorate, temporarily under their banner, becomes critical and resentful.

This electoral lesson was taught this year with the assistance of almost the whole of the so-called progressive wing of the Republican party. Many of the anti-Hoover votes which were cast for the Democratic party—particularly in Western states—came from supporters of those Republican Senators and Congressmen who have been opponents of the conservative leadership of the Republican party. Governor Roosevelt's campaign strategy was obviously directed toward luring as many progressives as possible into his camp. At the same time he was so guarded in his public promises to these recruits that the conservative wing of his party was not definitely alienated. That was wise campaign strategy, but when action becomes necessary the day of reckoning will be at hand. Three choices are possible but only two are probable. The improbable course would be for Governor Roosevelt to trail with his conservative supporters. His political past and the whole spirit of his campaign show that such a policy is inconceivable.

Of the other alternatives, one is that the Democratic administration should attempt to placate both conservative and progressive elements. If that course is followed, both elements are bound to be displeased. Such strategy has been possible for the Republican party during the last dozen years because the electorate is normally Republican and in the presidential campaigns there was no open Democratic bid for progressive support such as the one which Roosevelt made. In 1920 the liquidation of the War was responsible for so many political cross currents that there could be no cleavage between conservatives and progressives. In 1924, when President Coolidge was the Republican candidate and John W. Davis the Democratic candidate, there was no issue of conservatism versus progressivism. The Farmer-Labor party under the elder La Follette appealed to the progressives and the large popular vote which it received showed a reservoir of progressivism which could be drawn upon. In 1928 prohibition, religion and Tammany Hall were issues which prevented the contest between President Hoover and Governor Smith from shaping itself along conservative and less conservative lines. In 1932, however, the issue was drawn. Many of the progressive Republican Senators—La Follette, Norris, Johnson, etc.—were in the Roosevelt camp. Senator Borah was neutral. These Senators opposed President Hoover because the Republican party was too conservative for them and because the Democratic party promised legislation in which they were concerned and which they knew would never be approved by the Republican leadership. Governor Roosevelt's tremendous popular vote was made up in large measure from such progressive support. If the wishes of that vote are not regarded in the legislative and administrative action of the administration then that vote will readily revert to the Republican party. Traditional Republicans, who look upon themselves as progressives, will prefer to return to a conservative Republican party rather than to remain in a conservative Democratic party to which they attached themselves once because of a hope that the Democratic party would be progressive. If, therefore, the Democratic administration attempts compromise to please both its conservative and liberal wings it will end by displeasing both wings and the progressive wing will leave the party.

The other possible alternative is that the Democratic administration will be willing to forget its conservative wing and to act on the principle that it is a less conservative party than the Republican party. If that strategy is followed there is a chance that the Western progressives can be kept within the Democratic ranks. Some of the conservative Democrats will doubtless turn to the Republican party—their real spiritual home. Others may, despite dissatisfaction, stay for a time in the Democratic party. If Governor Roosevelt's program is formulated as his intelligence dictates, it will displease the conservative wing. If he is willing to let this happen, the Democratic party may become far more of a virile force in American politics than it has been for many years and some real differences between American political parties may gradually emerge. The parties will no longer seem to differ in one respect only: that the party

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in power is able to gratify its avarice while the party in opposition remains green-eyed. It follows therefore, that the recent presidential election can have consequences more far-reaching and, on a long view, more important than any immediate changes of American domestic and foreign policies.

One further reflection is pertinent. An important—perhaps the principal—weakness of the Hoover administration was that throughout the whole of it Mr. Hoover thought of reëlection for a second term. Many of his appointments were determined upon and nearly all of his policies seemed to be shaped with 1932 in mind. As the late Senator Dwight Morrow said two years ago, President Hoover would have a chance of reëlection if he stopped thinking about reëlection. That advice is particularly sound in respect to the leader of a minority party placed in power by a tremendous afflux of support from people who desired to punish an administration that had failed. Such support, amassed in one campaign, cannot be retained by the use of the appointing power or by the framing of a legislative program which, in seeking to avoid giving acute dissatisfaction to any interest, ends by failing to merit the genuine approval of any interest and, if it does not prevent, at least retards intelligent action.

When that happens the country criticizes "Congress," but is it not the fact that "Congress" thus suffers only when the President is timid and fears to lead? During the Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson administrations, controversy raged over what legislation they wanted and whether they should get it. We were not reduced, as during last spring, to praising or blaming different congressional groups. And when vigorous leadership comes from the White House, there is the likelihood, almost the certainty, that proposals will be based on the intelligence of the Executive and not on the unintelligence or prejudice of groups within the party or within Congress.

On every hand, there is growing agreement that the troubles of the world are due in considerable measure to lack of courage in statesmen. Too often they have known in their hearts what should be done but have feared to confess their beliefs publicly and have hesitated to press for their acceptance. Too often they have been content to be prisoners of their parliaments and peoples. But the conviction is spreading that such lack of courage does not pay even in respect of their being permitted to remain in office a little longer. There are increasing signs that the taking of risks in the name of intelligence is the road, not alone to a favorable verdict of history, but also to the contemporary approval of parliaments and electorates. This truth should be specially pondered by a statesman who is put into office by millions who have sloughed off party ties, and who has it within his power to shape the program and make-up of the political party which he leads.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

What the Soviet Child Reads

A CONCERTED attack has been made in the Soviet Union—to use modern Russian phraseology—on the Children's Book Front. What the subject matter of children's books should be, how they should be written, how to regard the child reader, are questions that have been discussed to an extent that would make pedagogues in other countries gasp. A catalogue of the Hundred Best Books for Children says: "Artistic literature should cease to be a means of recreation only. It should become a serious and attractive affair for the child, inspire him with creative desire. Just as a child brought up on cereals only will not grow up to be healthy, so one brought up on the pap of simple and meaningless stories will not develop a strong and creative imagination."

Children's books are taken most seriously as a branch of that education which is the cornerstone of the Russian revolution, of the building of socialism, of the achievement of all the Five Year Plans. Social critics have been saying for years that education is the most important thing in our age. The Russians mean it. Writers of children's books occupy just as important a position in the Soviet scheme as the builders of factories or the Commissar of Railways. They have as many conferences as technical directors too. Every fortnight, for instance, writers and illustrators of children's books meet with pedagogues, librarians, artists, psychologists and literary critics in the Gosizdat (State Publishing House).

> The new books are discussed fully both from the point of view of ideology and the tastes and desires of the children [writes Jacob Meksin, for five years head of the Children's Book Section of the Gosizdat]. These conferences not only discover individual errors, but decide also what subjects should be written about for the present-day child, and in what manner. For instance, should fantastic fairy tales be offered to children, should anthropomorphism be permitted in nature stories, should industrial themes and technical subjects occupy a central position? By these discussions editors and publishers of children's books can create a circle of active participants in their work....

Sometimes children themselves are brought to the conferences, as Russians believe strenuously in the right of self-determination. They listen to authors read their own works and are invited to comment.

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"Sometimes they take their role of expert with too much conceit," says Meksin wryly, "as for instance when one group of ten-year-olds sent in a book with the remark: 'We have read this and have decided that, on the whole, it may be printed.'"

Careful lists are kept in kindergartens, children's libraries and schools of the books read by children and of their notes and criticisms. One child's comment read: "This is too interesting, you can have a good cry over it." Another: "The most important thing he did not tell at all! Did the father buy the accordion for the child or not? For some daddies only make promises." A criticism of illustrations done in primitive or child-style ran: "Did children make those drawings? How badly they are done! I could have drawn them better myself."

The production of children's books in the Soviet Union vies in quantity with the proposed production under the Five Year Plans of coal, oil and tractors. Every week a new sheaf appears. They are sold not only in every shop of the Gosizdat but also at the many kiosks dotted about the streets that sell newspapers and magazines. Every few months the best are already out of print, although they are issued in editions of many thousands.

The best illustrators and artists are used both for illustrations and the musical settings of children's songs. I was taken to an artist's studio in Leningrad and found it large, clean and comfortably furnished, with still lifes and nudes on the walls; I could not imagine what this man lived on; one saw no evidences of any connection with the revolution, no posters or other commercial work. When finally I caught his name I recognized that of one of the most prolific illustrators of books for very small children.

Most children take their reading into their own hands and insist that their parents bring them home the new books. "My boys," a father of a six and an eight-year-old told me, "ask for at least eight to ten new books every week, and nothing will put them off." Children take their new position of young adults, given them by the revolution, very seriously. Everything (except perhaps a tired or former bourgeois mother) conspires to have them know all about what is going on in the country. When a little girl of seven asked to have the political cartoon in Pravda explained and her mother told her she was too young to understand, she replied "There is no too young. A child can understand everything if you will only explain it in terms that a child can understand."

The books for children foster such knowledge. Even for the tiny tots for whom pictures without words are printed, such picture books bear on the life of today—the Red Army parades, the new buildings of Moscow, the Park of Culture and Rest, life on a *kolhoz*. There are also, however, very charming picture books of animals, flowers, boats, circuses, which seem to have no visible connection with socialist reconstruction. But one cannot be sure. The book on Moscow buildings, which is of cardboard and opens out, has on one side only the new workers' blocks, attractively drawn in child-style by Chiffrine. Many picture books are serial stories, one called "Milk Factory" starting from the individual cow standing forlorn in a field and ending with great lorries bumping in every direction from the collective dairy to workers' homes.

As soon as a child can read there are books on every aspect of life today; historical, geographical, military, economic, social, political. World events appear reflected in children's picture books almost as soon as reported by Pravda. The story of Amundsen, with a shadowy portrait of the explorer on the cover, appeared in stacks everywhere while the ice-breaker "Malygin" was in Arctic waters with Nobile on board looking for traces of the explorer. The headings in the catalogue of the Hundred Best Books for Children cover the field. Social and revolutionary books, science, production and socialist construction—among which appear such titles as "From Rubber to Galoshes," "Gigant," "Five Year Plan," "How a Tool Made a Tool." There are also funny and moralizing animal stories.

Many of the books contain morals about little boys or girls who wouldn't wash themselves; the dreadful tale "Moi Dadir," by Marshak, tells how all the household furniture turned against the culprit, food and forks and wash basin and soap. When he repented, they smiled benignly and returned, shoelaces, chimney pots, samovar, sponge. There are innumerable books about Lenin, his childhood, his youth, how he spent his leisure; these are adored by the children. They seem to have quite a special and personal love for their "little Lenin," not at all the dry and perfunctory homage paid by most children to their national heroes. And, indeed, in these books he does appear a very human and lovable person.

Most attractive are the international books with their brightly colored "brothers," little Negro babies, Chinese, Indian, Mexican peons, Europeans of all nations. They are shown at slave labor, Negroes hauling heavy loads on their backs, Indians picking cotton while a martinet with folded arms watches over them, little Chinese girls dully spinning. They end with the red star on their helmets or working side by side in the factories at last owned by themselves. One book on India is particularly attractively illustrated; it starts with men, women and children, backs bent at machines and in the fields, and ends with the Russian pioneers blowing trumpets, beating drums and waving their hands to a smiling army of Indian children advancing under the banner "We are ready."

Ideology and propaganda are very important. The many accusations of "propagandizing even the poor little children who cannot protect themselves" leveled against the Soviets are answered quite simply by Dr. Meksin. "After every great social and political upheaval the didactic nature of chil-

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dren's literature increases, and the new class which has just achieved power wishes to inculcate a new ideology in the consciousness of its children. This is why we pay special attention to technical books in Russia now, translating such stories as those by the American writer Lucy Sprague Mitchell, 'The Song of the Locomotive,' 'How Water Got to the Bathtub,' 'Skyscrapers' and others. Certain old classics and folk tales are being revived, freed, however, from undesirable elements, fantastic events, superstition and monarchical tendencies." Meksin himself has adapted a number of Russian folk songs and tales, "The Little Gray Duck," "The Cocks Have Crowed," "The Little Bird" and others.

One of the most exciting things happening in the field of children's literature is the new School of Children's Literature in Leningrad. This group consists of about twenty young men and women, all specialists in some field, who come together to discuss the methods of writing about their specialty for children. Not only for children, however. They want to describe their experiences and their knowledge so that grown-ups also will enjoy them.

The school in Leningrad is headed by C. Marshak, one of the most popular writers of children's verse in Russia and brother to the Ilin who wrote "New Russia's Primer." Marshak is a middle-aged, kindly faced man, who lived some years in England before the War and translated Blake, Coleridge and Wordsworth into Russian. He is the only member of the Leningrad school whose "specialty" is writing; he was a poet for grown-ups before he took to writing children's verse. Ilin is a chemical engineer who lectures at the Technological Institute in Leningrad and has built a chemical factory; Potilov is a fireman, Bianki a naturalist who writes animal stories—a sort of Ernest Seton Thompson. His father was professor of Ornithology. Jitkov is a sailor and writes books popularizing technique. Tichailov writes on the new Soviet towns, Olenikov, political and revolutionary books, Grigoriev, books about the civil war and other historical events. There is one book on weights and measures by Merkuleva, a mathematician. She calls it "The Factory of Exactness" and it is as exciting as the "Primer."

There are also in the school a diver, a surveyor, a textile worker and two former *bezprizornie:* Kajevnikov, who writes so bitterly that some feel the books are hardly for children, and Panteliev, not yet twenty years old, who wrote at seventeen the famous "Schkid," the story of a homeless waif, which has been translated into German and has sold in large numbers both in Germany and Russia. Levin, a young Jew, lived as a child in southern Russia; he has written in "Diecet Wagonow," (Ten Cars) ghastly stories of the treatment of Jewish children in his district during the civil war—stories he knows well because he lived through them himself.

The school does not content itself with sitting in its editorial offices. It takes its office to the factory, reads the newest stories to the workers, invites criticism and comment, discusses the technique of writing children's books. The engineer, the metal worker, the carpenter, the lathe operator, is to write his experiences for children, both that children may know about them and that the workers shall learn to write. Members of the school train and coach the worker-writers. "The art of the editor is something quite different in a collective society," says Marshak. "He is no longer a man with a blue pencil; he is a man who helps you find yourself."

Of course writers are not always successful in their attempts to write dynamically of the new life, any more than illustrators always get the effects they want. But they are making the attack "in Bolshevik tempo" and mass formation. Shock brigades are taking up the matter of writing sufficient and sufficiently good books for children. The ideals of today did not attract writers and artists before the revolution. They wanted merely to "amuse the children," they thought children must not "be bothered" with grown-up concerns, must live "in a world of their own." Yet in Russia today Soviet children are more interested in great engineering projects like Dnieprostroy or the Volga Canal than in some Persian legend.

> We want all writers of children's books to have had full experience of the subjects they write about [said Marshak], even textbooks must become dramatic. We cannot come to children with empty hands, we must not deceive them with false conversations. Science is a field of battle, not a peaceful dead thing, and everyone who comes to our field must know something at first hand. A child, you know, should come to life as to the third act of a play, knowing what came before, understanding what it sees and with a heightened sense of the beauty and drama it may get out of life by participating. Our children must carry the history of the problems of this period in their bones; they must never consider themselves as mere watchers. Each one of them is a little builder of socialism.

Children's writers who still persist in writing "meaningless" tales are considered "counter-revolutionary" and looked on with disfavor. The children themselves are not interested. "Bring me home something on Dnieprostroy, or the Turksib, peat or oil," the child will ask, "I want to know what is going on." My little girl friend of seven is honestly bored by fairy tales. "But what does he write those things for?" she asks. And fairy tales are not to be bought in the shops. At least not the fairy tales of the "good old days." Whether we like it or not, Tovarish Coal, Piatiletka and the adventures of airplane, Zeppelin, crane and tractor have replaced the knight, the princess on the pea and the broad bean that burst. The revolutionary child of today, though joyous and laughing, is made fully aware of the tasks that await him and the role he is going to play in building his country.

ELLA WINTER.

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The Social Muse Replies

The contributions below were received in response to Mr. Archibald MacLeish's poem, "Invocation to the Social Muse," which appeared in our issue of October 26, 1932. —THE EDITORS.

Aeneas at New York

To Archibald MacLeish

You have Sir said it well but I have if
Not knowledge a long memory of arms
The dates the various implements of war
Is it just to demand of us also to bear arms?
It is just: what manner of man was he
Sinon who swore at Neptune's priest, swearing
When the hard spear betrayed the horse's belly?
First we are priests second we are not whores
We are those who have arranged the auguries
And in dangerous youth made the good battle
I think Sir that you honoring our trade
(And nothing is lost save its honor)
And wishing us our own integrity and calm
Fall, if I may say it with respect, in error:
Is it just to demand of us also to bear arms
It is just and it is chiefly the nice question
Of the period of life and of whose arms:
You will remember the name of the poet fighting,
The young man at Salamis. Was he a whore?
The poet is he who fights on the passionate
Side and whoever loses he wins; when he
Is defeated it is hard to say who wins
Appreciation of victory contains no views
Neither views nor princes nor are there rules
There is the infallible instinct for the right battle
On the passionate side. With whose arms
Not arms of Mister J. P. Morgan: he is not one:
With one's own arms when necessity detects
The fir-built horse inside the gates of Troy
We have nothing to do with Aulis nor intrigues
At Mycenae. I cannot of course prescribe
For other cities. Here (I merely suggest it)
Is what we did at Troy: there was no column
Of marchers there were myself and sad Hector
Have you Penates have you altars, have
You your great-great-grandfather's breeches?
Do not I do not attempt to wear the greaves
The moths are fed; our shanks too thin. Have you
His flintlock or had he none have you bought
A new Browning? The use of arms is ownership
Of the appropriate gun. It is ownership that brings
Victory that is not hinted at in "Das Kapital."
I think there is never but one true war
So let us as you desire perfect our trade.

ALLEN TATE.

SIR: Mr. MacLeish writes that there is nothing worse for the poet's trade than to be in style. If this is true, I should like to ask him why he bothers *publicly* to state his opinion about questions in which all of us are interested at the moment. Why, if Mr. MacLeish prefers the comfortably detached and comparatively safe position of the "estranged" poet, does he expose himself to the suspicion of being in style along with the rest of us?—"being in style" meaning, of course, being a partisan in politics. And if it can be said of any recent poem that it is terribly partisan to a definite political conception, that poem is "Invocation to the Social Muse."

Disliking political poetry, Mr. MacLeish wrote a political poem against it. But this is not his only self-contradiction. He writes that poets are whores following troops (meaning here bourgeois poets). Later he says, "Wrap the bard in a flag or a school and they'll jimmy his door down and be thick in his bed for a month." If poets *are* whores, then it would follow that the more in the bed the merrier. What kind of double talk is Mr. MacLeish trying to hand us? . . .

New York City. DAVID PLATT.

SIR: I liked MacLeish's poem very much. It was something that needed very much to be said.

Orgeval, France. JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

SIR: Why did you, *how* COULD you, publish that poem of MacLeish? The only reason I can find for it, is that the Marxian fellows have irked you. I'm not a Communist, and it seems to me that the idea of a Special Mission of poets is quite as bad translated into their terms as it has been in every other set of terms. But MacLeish's poem is stuffed with sickly, sentimental, self-pitying, self-dramatizing nonsense, and it is terribly bad defense. . . . With the John Reed chaps on the one side, believing they can train the poet to write what they want, and MacLeish (and undoubtedly thousands of smaller poets) on the other side, saying how magnificently but mournfully ALONE they are! . . .

He thinks the Communists are saps (and maybe they are, but if so, they are saps with a good basic idea—whereas the rest of the world are saps without an idea at all). Why doesn't he rejoice in the fact that not Communist nor Fascist nor capitalist nor bourgeois can do anything at all *to* a poet? "He *will* lie in the house and be warm while they are shaking." That's wonderful. Let him be pleased. Let him say, "What is it to me that you call 'Conquistador' 'imperialistic propaganda'?" "What if I am anti-social—I can have a good time, and maybe what with writing about it, I'll be spreading more aliveness than all of you social fellows." There would be some sense to that. But in this poem, in spite of a rather superior manner, he is really more than apologizing, he is pleading for the poet—and in the last line he just breaks down and cries.

It seems to me not wrong, but insane, to think of a poet, or for a poet to think of himself, as anti- or asocial.

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There are poets who write only about scenery, animals or isolated individuals, because their perception of relations is still imperfect . . . and there are poets like Jeffers, who seems anti-social—the synthesis of all their impressions indicates that humanity is a miserable sell. But though the poetry may not be specially related to society, or may be specially antipathetic to society, the poet is always very closely related to it, and very self-deceived if he thinks that he is not.

The Communists do know that. That's one up for them. It's their method of attempting to relate the poet to their conception of society that is more than a bit irksome to the poet. They attempt to dictate the subject before they've supplied the emotional background—or rather, given it a chance to supply itself. They are going to create a lot of poetasters. But because there is something real there—because all this theoretic stuff, all this academicity is just the stiffness of a thing moving for the first time—they are going, by accident, to grow some poets. They'll grow, out of the idea, in spite of the technique.

New York City. MARIE DE L. WELCH.

Second Invocation to the Social Muse

Is it just to demand of us also to bear arms?

In the deep road, traveled and scored and sung,
To the end of time, to the present, men have cried out
Against injustice to the skies; their words have quickened
The hearts of men—not for retribution, the mild reform,
But to the end, be there death, fire or lamentation,
Out of the quicklime of insidious corruption
To a new life.

Now is the time for the poet's affirmation!
Not for the last time has his voice spoken . . .
From him in this hour would you strip the word?
In America's dark hour must he alone
Of all those bearing the burden of her shame and sorrow
Stand with lips tightened against tomorrow?

Silence.
Demanding a few things only, the curtain rises
We take our places, the air is rich and oppressive
We watch the play from expensive seats. On every side of us
The ermined elbows and starched shirts, stuffed to the bursting,
Peer at the spectacle, yawn, they applaud half-sleeping.
What is the play? Just another amusing catastrophe?
The play is the play! What a question! The time is passing.
Pass—time, purpose—out of the theatre,
Pass by the millions clamoring entrance—pass out.

Now is the time for the poet's affirmation!
Not for the last time has his voice spoken . . .
Speak, and those who have blood for the living will answer.
Speak, and the face of the challenge that mocks you is broken.
Speak, and the curse of your greed and corruption is lifted.

Hesitate, and your silence damns you forever.

SELDEN RODMAN.

Washington Notes

The Extra Session Bugbear—Jamming Legislation Through—Borah and the Beer Bill—Frank's Kitchen Cabinet

THE DESIRE of Democratic House and Senate leaders to avoid a special session of Congress immediately following March 4 is, of course, due to Governor Roosevelt's influence. It is, however, I might remark, in striking contrast to the Democratic attitude of two years ago. Then, the demand for a special session to deal with the desperate conditions in the country was most vehemently supported by these same Democratic leaders, and Mr. Hoover's refusal to convene Congress was for many months one of their principal indictments against him. However, it makes a lot of difference which foot the shoe is on, and perhaps Mr. Roosevelt is not to be blamed for his anxiety to have his first nine months in the presidency free from congressional interference.

While he was in Washington for his futile war-debt conference with Mr. Hoover, while he was at Warm Springs, and since his return to Albany, he gave and has given increasing evidence that a special session is what he most wants to avoid. There is scarcely one Democratic leader who has not heard from him about the desirability of supporting legislation at the present short session in order to avoid the necessity of calling a special one. Apparently his slick political advisers have convinced him that great political perils await a President when a special session is called soon after he takes office. He has been reminded of the unfortunate experience of Mr. Hoover in dealing with his special session and it is certain that if there is a way to avoid it he will do so.

Somehow, it seems a curious attitude for a national leader with a program. One would naturally believe that a newly elected President, with a great popular majority behind him and his own party in complete control of Congress, would want to put his plans for restoring the economic health of the country into immediate legislative form, instead of waiting nine months before he proposes any concrete plan of his own.

In my own infirm judgment, the political dangers of a special session for a man in Mr. Roosevelt's position are being greatly magnified by his friends. The danger lies in a Congress over which the President has no control. With the Democratic majorities in the next House and Senate so big that no bloc of insurgents or irregulars could be formed sufficiently large to threaten party control, there seems almost nothing to be afraid of. However, the Democrats are planning to take charge of the short session under his direction and run it. What is more, they hope to pass, before March 4, not only all the big appropriation bills, but a beer bill, the Eighteenth Amendment repeal proposal and a farm bill built along the domestic-allotment idea. In addition, they hope to effect sufficient economies to balance the budget so that the new administration will not be faced with an increasing deficit.

If all this legislation can be passed Mr. Roosevelt will be under no necessity of calling Congress before its regular

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December meeting. Certainly it is an ambitious program for a short session—so ambitious in fact that I know of no well informed man who believes it can be done. Practically everyone with whom I have talked considers it completely impossible to avoid an extra session.

There seems reason to believe that the domestic-allotment bill will be vetoed by Mr. Hoover, and there is extreme uncertainty as to what he will do about the beer bill. According to those who are closest to him, there is no uncertainty at all as to his attitude toward the unqualified-repeal proposal of the Democrats. It requires a two-thirds vote to pass that proposal and hence no question of a veto will enter in. But Hoover will oppose it and, despite his imminent retirement and his overwhelming defeat, there are some members of his party in Congress with whom he still has influence.

If the Senate vote last summer means anything at all, it means that a number of Democratic Senators from the South and West will not support an unqualified-repeal proposal. Then, too, there is the slightly bedraggled Borah, who, though diminished in prestige and position, is still capable of an effective fight on the Senate floor. One of his campaign references to the saloon described it as "that hell upon earth which must never return." It is entirely unlikely that Borah will permit the passage of any proposal that does not constitutionally bar the saloon. Nor will he fight alone. The now convalescent Brookhart is of like mind and intention, and so are one or two others. There is not the shadow of a doubt that a determined group can render it impossible to jam through the repeal at this session. The group might easily beat the beer bill as well. It is all a matter of delay, and the opportunities for delay are numerous and ready to hand.

The truth is, I think, that the Senate Democratic leaders in their calmer moments have no real expectation that the things their newly elected President wants done can be done, and long before March he will realize that himself. There is still some uncertainty as to whose advice in such matters has most weight with the President-elect. One man whose advice has neither been asked nor offered since the election is Alfred Emanuel Smith.

Friends of Smith who have been in Washington this week are the authority for saying that despite those effective public appearances in the last days of the campaign, there has been no restoration of friendship between Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Smith. On the contrary, the statement is somewhat authoritatively made to me that there is still no intimacy, and there will be none. Further, it is said, there is no place for Smith in the Roosevelt administration, that Smith does not want to be in it. He wants, I am told, to be in a position to criticize if he feels like it—and he expects to feel like it. He takes his editorship of The New Outlook with complete seriousness, believes that an editor should keep free from the restraints of public office and expects to be a constructive critic of his own party in his own magazine. And he expects, further, to find considerable to criticize. To me there seems no little sense in his position.

In any event, so far as I can gather, Smith has had no contact, directly or indirectly, with Roosevelt since the Madison Square Garden meeting two nights before the election, when they spoke from the same platform. Undoubtedly the Governor relies greatly upon Professor Moley, whom he took with him to the White House conference on the debts. At that time he talked, too, with Colonel E. M. House and B. M. Baruch, though not with Owen D. Young, which, when one considers Mr. Young's experience in international matters, seems a curious omission. Another intimate counsellor, I am told, is A. Mitchell Palmer, who was Attorney General under Wilson. I place credence in this because of the fact that it was Mr. Palmer who wrote the Roosevelt platform, took it to Chicago, represented Mr. Roosevelt in the resolutions committee and was in daily telephone communication with him.

Other "advisers" of the President-elect are supposed to have his confidence and be close to him. There are, of course, Messrs. Farley and Howe. There is Mr. Kennedy, the Boston banker who was so liberal a contributor. There are Mr. Jackson of New Hampshire, Arthur McMullen of Nebraska and Mr. Henry Morgenthau, all close to him, all classed as advisers. There will be no lack of advisers in this administration—plenty of men with a pipe-line into the White House. Mr. Roosevelt will have an abundance of counsel. It is the quality, not the quantity, which is still open to question.

Washington. T. R. B.

Miss Graham and Mademoiselle

Martha Graham and her Dance Group. Guild Theatre, November 27, 1932.

Mademoiselle, by Jacques Deval, adapted by Grace George. The Playhouse, October 19, 1932.

MISS Martha Graham began the season with a packed theatre and great applause. Some new compositions appeared, and among others repeated was the "Primitive Mysteries," the dance with the pupils, in three parts, in which the votary, the priestess, the goddess' holy one, or whatever you choose to call that white figure, goes through form after form and meaning after meaning. Of this composition I can say that it is one of the few things I have ever seen in dancing where the idea, its origin, the source from which it grew, the development of its excitement and sanctity, give me a sense of baffled awe and surprise, the sense of wonder and defeat in its beautiful presence. By this I mean to imply a contrast with such a fine dance, for example, as Pavlova and Nijinsky in a bacchanal. Beautiful as that may have been, one could easily see how the idea might come from a vase painting, a bas relief, a flash of music. This predictability, so to speak, in no way lessened the excellence of that dance: I am only trying to express the other sense, of the wonder at creation and the feeling of an unimaginable origin and concentration.

Tennyson observed that of all things sculpture is one of the most difficult to describe. Dancing is even more so. We may, with writing talent, find some equivalent in words for a dance we write of. But this is a recreation of essence. It is not description. You could say, in fact, that the more exactly you describe such a dance composition the less you convey it to the reader. I might, however, be somewhat useful by another method.

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When I first saw Miss Graham dance I had a feeling of insistent denial that I resented; too many things were cut away that life knows to be enchanting or profound. I thought I saw that this was a dancer who, having heard much of reaching to the heavenly sphere, had brains enough to know that, while all art when it has arrived does indeed move within the heavenly sphere, it must, nevertheless, find first an earth to stand on. In sum, she knew that to look up at the stars you must have and use a head, eyes, neck, backbone and feet, plus the ground under you; it was not a mere matter of your feeling inside you that you were looking up at the stars, as if a feeling were anything people care about unless it achieves a form, a body in which it lives. There was, then, in Miss Graham's dancing this kind of stubborn elimination. It did show a sincere and genuine nature, but a nature not yet flowered in culture and freedom. There was also too great an absence of movement: the dancer's technique involved steps and positions, but the transition, which is the living element, was close to nil. From this early state, all true, at the time, to the artist and thus far right and moving on a human basis, Miss Graham has year by year progressed. You feel that her art has only just begun, and that one of the remarkable things about it is that this fact is even clearer to the artist than it is to you. There are, as every artist knows, a thousand ways to go forward by means of cheating surfaces void of inner solidity; the refusal of them is the first hallmark of an artist. From this most independent and self-imposed conviction of her present stage of development, proceeds the freshness of Miss Graham's work. She knows that the first young stages of an artist have no freshness; they have only fresh feeling, or egotism or exhibitionism that is but partially expressed in form that is either casual or traditional or imitative. As the artist's work grows its freshness is present. Maturity alone brings it alive, into a complete life. Maturity implies not only the freshness and immediacy of feeling or idea—whatever you want to call it. It implies also that the technique to express it is safe, complete. When maturity is past, an artist may sometimes go on for no little while merely by remembering and repeating these already achieved forms, which, because of their rightness once, carry about them still something of their first desire and light.

It will be worth more to try and put down, rather than a report or attempted picture of Miss Graham's dance, some indication of what one can see is the process of her creation. Her dancing is pictorial, necessarily, since one understands it through the eyes. It is not pictorial in the sense of being representative, but pictorial as is an abstract painting or a pattern in design. She must begin, I should say, not with either a pictorial representational idea (some scene or personage) or with a dramatic idea: her first idea will be more like that of a designer of patterns, lines, angles, rugs, tiles, fabrics, what you will, or like the basic outlay of what will later be a painting. From this pattern or single form there will develop other forms; which in their turn may suggest an idea less visually abstract and more a subject, more a literary or a psychological meaning, and go on from there, perhaps, even to a title for the composition, "Incantation," say, or "Dolorosa" or "Dithyrambic." Her dances have been so far both pictorial and dramatic, as music is, not as, for instance, a picture of Velasquez is, or a scene in a play.

Miss Graham's present program is, I think, too long, the first part especially, in which there are so many dances of the same general kind. If you have full faith in the dancer, you get an unpleasant sense that, with so much time given to it, more must be being said than you are taking in. In the "Rapture" Miss Graham introduces toward the end a direct dramatic motive. It is a good development in her art, though this dance itself would be improved if dramatic motifs came also earlier in its movement. There has hitherto been in her work an evasion of the dramatic, a concentration on the stark pattern for the design-idea of the composition. The benefits of this—for a period of time, that is—are manifest in the fine cleanness and purity of her dancing; we have the sense that, whatever may have been left out, nothing has entered a composition that has not grown into it organically. It is important to note that in Miss Graham's dancing there is a conscious sincerity; and that this contrasts greatly with what so often appears in the German dancers—Miss Wigman, for example, or Mr. Kreutzberg—where there is not rarely a kind of false simplification, in sum, German theory applied most obviously. Stepping out roundly in one sole sweep is not necessarily simple; in these German dancers it is often the patent application of sheer psychology, and therefore elaborate in spirit and essentially impure. There is no reason why more of the lyric and dramatic should not, in her own due season, take their place in the pure form of Miss Graham's art.

We can make another interesting note on Miss Graham's dancing. Certain reiterations are manifest, the return of a form, a tone, or rhythm. This seems to me a very wise tendency. The lack of reiteration is one of the things that send so much modern art off into nothing. There is not only the hypnotic effect of repetition and the satisfaction, as close as the pulse beat, of recurrence. A thing must return on itself as a part of its life process. The dance especially, involved so immediately with life, is gone as soon as it is finished, just as life is gone as soon as it ceases. Underlying all that is alive is the compulsion toward return.

"Mademoiselle," the French comedy or rather farce that Miss Grace George and Miss Alice Brady have brought to town, goes well enough, Mr. Matthews and others included, except for Miss George. The story told is of a family, everybody busy with profession, politics, society and fashion, into which comes Mademoiselle for the instruction and salvation of the young daughter. The young daughter turns out to be enceinte, Mademoiselle takes her to the country, ultimately claims the child to be hers, and departs, while the young lady and her family go prancing on.

It is weeks since this production appeared, with its sprightly entertainment and its gloomy central puzzle as to what Miss George might be thought to illustrate in her portrayal of the governess. None of it all remains of interest now except this one point, still significant.

There in Mademoiselle was a role full of wit and variety and French bourgeois hard sense and honest, canny, not unprofitable goodness. There was this sterile old maid suddenly professing a lapse at her age into parturition, to

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the dismay of the society lady and everybody else; calling in her brother, an engineer, as the advising physician, sticking him for six percent on the loan she makes him, carrying off all claims to the baby (whose father has conveniently been killed in an accident, such are the benefits of farce). What humor, hunger, bourgeois shrewdness, what irony and diversity lie in this role and this situation! But Miss George enters like a gloom, nothing about her moves; Chaucer would have said that of this "visage children were afeered"; even the six-percent hold-up motif was like Cerberus of blackest midnight born. The conception of the role—since we must have wise analyses—could be taken only as a case of repression. Whether Miss George meant this or not, the point remains the same: I am discussing the fright in our theatre at what we take as serious, the lack of all deviltry, all joy, the death of the saucy pleasures implicit, along with the elusive pathos, in a situation. After all, the dry old baggage got the young fool's baby, plus a healthy life in the country; hungry as her life had made her, harsh perhaps, and of a dry, safe pattern and conformity, she carried off with her the bread of life for which this fashionable household had not eyes or nose. How could the delicious, blunt tissue of such a role have been passed up for a mere raven cliché of repression? This is a point concerning our theatre more indicative than we might think.

As if no other player lived for such a part!

I can only think of the theatre's waste, and how it deserves all the blows it gets. There is Madame Maria Ouspenskaya who with a slight alteration to account for her accent, could have given such comicality, grotesquerie, variety, crispness, pathos and irony to such a role in such a story, as would have been a joyous masterpiece. How sound, how fantastic and wry, how rich and racy that governess role might be, what a satirical center and to us all what a stung heart! Sometimes we could ask the theatre not to try to think, or at least not to think unless life can be a zest to it and art can laugh and cry with the incongruous ripple and sigh of nature.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Homes, Mortgages and Foreclosures

SIR: Rose M. Stein's article in your issue of September 7 is not up to the standard we have become accustomed to in your columns. She says that "within the last few years and despite the unprecedentedly high price of real estate, mortgages were extended for as high as 65 or 70 percent, and in some communities building and loan associations loaned as high as 85 percent." In the same paragraph she says that if the mortgage is not paid at maturity, "the lender has a powerful weapon. He has ensured himself with ample security and when payment is not made when due he has recourse to foreclosure." I would like to have some one point out to me where foreclosure is a powerful weapon when the mortgagee has admittedly loaned as much as the security is worth on the present market.

Her article would leave the impression that foreclosure is profitable to the mortgage companies and that they are glad to resort to it. This is nonsense. It is admitted that loans in the last few years were too large and that with the drop in building costs and the deflation in the real-estate market . . . the loans in most cases are equal to the present value of the security. Before the mortgagee acquires possession he must pay foreclosure costs and counsel fees. He must pay the delinquent taxes and municipal assessments and add them to the indebtedness, together with the amount of interest unpaid. In our Western states, at least, he must hold the property one year after the foreclosure sale, until the period of redemption expires, before he can make a valid sale. In some of the states, Washington for one, he cannot dispossess the borrower until the end of the period of redemption, if the property is a homestead. Then the mortgagee must put the property in repair and sell it on a buyers' market in competition with newer houses. How can this be profitable? . . .

Miss Stein tries to make a point of the fact that the mortgage companies did not inquire into the borrower's ability to pay the loan off at maturity. They have followed the practice of investigating into the borrower's ability to pay interest, taxes and amortization charges during the life of the loan. This was as far as they felt they needed to go, as it was expected that when the loan matured, the borrower could either renew it or get it refinanced elsewhere, and until the last year or two he could do so. The mortgage companies did not expect this depression—did Miss Stein?

Seattle, Wash. JAMES TYNAN.

SIR: Mr. Tynan's letter contains three points of attack and one defense. He points in the first place to an inconsistency. If mortgages were extended for anywhere from 65 to 85 percent of the property's value, how could they provide a powerful weapon for the mortgagee? Mortgages of that size obviously do not. The answer is contained in the article itself:

> . . . the less secure mortgages are the ones most readily renewed. . . . It is when the mortgage has been reduced to half or less of the value of the property that the owner's troubles become serious.

The second point of attack paints a very sad picture. Wicked law-makers have placed many obstacles in the way of the mortgagee. Still, these obstacles have not stood in the way of hundreds of thousands of foreclosures and we have the word of Mr. Frederick H. Ecker of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company that "over a period of years foreclosed properties have been sold at a substantial profit."

It is absolutely not true that the mortgagee inquires into the borrower's ability to pay interest, taxes and amortizations on the mortgage. If he did, more than half of the applicants would be turned down. In nine cases out of ten the mortgage is originally procured by the builder or contractor. When the property is sold, the new title-holder remains unknown to the mortgagee until the mortgage matures.

Finally, Mr. Tynan defends the mortgage companies on the grounds that they did not expect the depression. When will these people learn that they have no right to seek refuge in the depression? They are responsible for it. Depressions are not acts of God. Had not the mortgage companies, the bankers, the bond underwriters and all the financial wizards to whom the country entrusted its financial security made such colossal blunders, had not the industrialists indulged in reckless and planless production just as the financiers indulged in reckless and planless financing, there would have been no depression.

Pittsburgh, Pa. ROSE M. STEIN.

They're Not So Bad as They're Painted

SIR: After fifteen years of reviewing and writing about motion pictures I at times cannot resist defending the indefensible. Mr. Sidney Howard, who "bites the hand that feeds him" so thoroughly in your issue of November 9, nevertheless repeats some rather worn-out accusations.

The fact of the matter is that motion pictures of outstanding artistic quality cannot be turned out so continuously and so voluminously for such a vast audience as daily fills our cinema theatres. There are not that many plots and there is not so much available originality. Let us put the argument up to Mr. Howard himself. Suppose he had to turn out fifty-two plays a year for year after year. Would he not repeat himself, would he not have to beg, borrow or steal plots, would he not have to become trite and formulated? Yet that is exactly what the motion-picture industry has to do. . . .

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Mr. Howard cites the superiority of German pictures which we are occasionally allowed to see in New York and a few other cities. But this argument is in false perspective. We see only the cream of the foreign pictures. A picture fan in Germany suffers quite as much as we do from the average run of pictures. By the same token an observer in Germany who saw only the pick of American pictures which found their way over there might also get the impression that all our pictures are better than his native product. Few things are as bad as a bad German, French or Italian picture. Except, of course, English pictures.

Several years ago the industry toyed with an interesting idea. Finding that the talking pictures were not going very well in the sticks because any degree of sophistication in dialogue or the more complex psychological plots which the medium of speech was making possible seemed beyond the grasp of the average small-town audience, they thought of making more mature pictures for a circulation limited to the larger cities while still grinding out the trite formula picture for the edification of the sticks. They were almost ready to give up their favorite dream, the so-called 100-percent picture, guaranteed to "pack 'em in" at every theatre in every square mile of the land.

Unfortunately this idea was never put into execution. It was based, of course, on the intelligent policy of the Theatre Guild. Every year the Guild produces a number of dramas or comedies which it wisely refrains from sending out on the road because it knows that they are bound to fail there for want of intelligent appreciation. If the Guild, like the motion-picture industry, had to send all its plays out on the road and send them over every road in the land, it would, as a matter of sheer business acumen, discontinue the sophisticated type of drama and go in for bleating love stories, bloody melodramas and all the popular wish fulfilments.

The motion-picture industry, by virtue of being committed to furnishing completely popular entertainment, can never become like the Theatre Guild. But it can divide its activity into the double function of providing popular pictures as heretofore and catering to the demand for mature, intelligent pictures for those audiences which demand them. To do this it will have to emancipate itself from its greed, its machine methods of production and its timidity. Perhaps adversity will now at last teach it to do so.

New York City. ALFRED B. KUTTNER.

Painless Inflation

SIR: Your editorial on capital levy [The New Republic, November 2] is excellent, but I think it too summarily dismisses inflation as an alternative method of financing the enormous governmental expenditures that must be made if this defuglety is not to last a lifetime. I find myself asking: Is there really such a hell of a difference between the two methods? Doesn't it amount to much the same thing whether you take away half a man's money or issue and spend enough money so that the value of his money is reduced 50 percent? Politically, of course, the difference is immense, but all in favor of inflation. A capital levy makes a man yell, whereas inflation is relatively painless. And are there not grave constitutional difficulties about capital levy? From such, of course, inflation is wholly free, for no one has ever questioned the right of a sovereign state to issue as much money as it pleases.

I fear that The New Republic has not yet completely freed itself from the banker ideology which regards inflation as inherently vicious, deflation inherently virtuous: quite as reasonable an idea as that there is something inherently vicious about eating and drinking and virtuous about the eliminatory physiological processes.

F. H. FOOTE.

East Jordan, Mich.

[The New Republic has many times advocated an attempt to increase prices by expansion of credit, and specifically, the use of government borrowing and expenditure as a means of doing so. We have always warned, however, that this attempt might not be successful, and in any event would be a temporary palliative rather than a cure. We now believe that it is not likely to be made.—THE EDITORS.]

He'd Been Translated Before

SIR: I have always intensely disliked those carping readers whose delight it is to find errors and bring them to public attention. Please believe that in correcting a slip which Mr. Robert Cantwell made in your columns recently, I do so only because I believe he will be interested in learning the true facts.

In reviewing "Bubu of Montparnasse," by Charles-Louis Philippe, in The New Republic of September 14, Mr. Cantwell remarked that "this is presumably the first of his novels to be translated." It is not; I have a copy of "A Simple Story," by Charles-Louis Philippe, translated by Agnes Kendrick Gray, published by Knopf in 1924. It has no introduction, in which it is less fortunate than "Bubu," with its remarks by T. S. Eliot.

Although I have tremendous respect for Mr. Eliot as a critic—and despite the fact that I have not read "Bubu"—I must take issue with his statement that "Bubu" is the only one of Phillipe's books in which his talents for "recreating the habits and emotions of the inarticulate submerged members of society reached a full expression." The picture, in "A Simple Story," of the helplessness and hopelessness of an old man who can no longer find work is, especially in these days, almost unbearably realistic and poignant.

New York City. MINNA LEWINSON.

Liberty for India

SIR: Mr. Frederic Nelson in his entertaining article, "Home from a Foreign Shore," in The New Republic of November 23, sees "an impertinence in the very title of the 'American League for India's Freedom.'" Why so? Has the time come when we must apologize for hating tyranny wherever it appears and loving liberty wherever it is desired?

Thomas Paine is said to have declared, "Where liberty is *not*, is my country." On the basis of this principle, as sound today as yesterday, there are those of us who find our country in Cuba, the Philippines and India, as well as in America.

One of the proudest traditions of the United States is the helping hand held out in days gone by to Poland, Greece, Hungary, Ireland, the Spanish dependencies, and Russia under the Tsar. Another is the refuge of our shores to the oppressed. This latter has gone, or is going. Must the former go as well?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, Chairman,
American League for India's Freedom.

New York City.

Help for the Farmers' Hunger March

SIR: More than three hundred farmers elected and financed by their farm communities will assemble in Washington this week to hold their Farmers' National Relief Conference. They are going to formulate an emergency relief program which will guarantee to every farm family a decent living for the period of the depression.

For this purpose farm communities have put together their last pennies to send their delegates. Many are coming on a shoestring, with not enough money to get hot meals and warm places to sleep at night. On their way across the country they are depending on farm families for food and lodging, but in Washington they must pay for these necessities. They will also need money to take them back home after their conference is over. I am making this appeal for additional funds in the name of these three hundred farmers who have had the courage to cross the country and present their desperate case at the very doors of the nation's capital.

Those who wish to help are asked to send their contributions to Lem Harris, Secretary, Farmers' National Relief Conference, 515 Mills Building, Washington, D. C.

LEM HARRIS,
Executive Secretary.

Washington, D. C.

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Christmas Book Section

D. H. Lawrence: The Phoenix and the Grave

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, edited by Aldous Huxley. New York: The Viking Press. 927 pages. $5.
Savage Pilgrimage, by Catherine Carswell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 295 pages. $2.75.
Lorenzo in Taos, by Mabel Dodge Luhan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 352 pages. $3.50.
Etruscan Places, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: The Viking Press. 199 pages. $3.75.
Lady Chatterley's Lover, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 327 pages. $2.50.

ON MARCH 2, 1930, D. H. Lawrence died in self-imposed exile at Vence, Italy. The grave under a mild Italian sky is nameless, but his symbol, the phoenix, is reproduced in mosaic on the headstone. Lawrence died in ripe middle age with twenty years of writing behind him, and the last ten years were extraordinarily productive. He had been working against time, against death. There are still a novel and a book of poems unpublished. The stream flows onward; when his own books are no longer in press there will be more books written about him. Someone will find more letters and these too will be published and read.

His death was like the sound of a door slamming to, for it marked the end of a period, the end of a half-century fight for sexual liberation in English writing. After "Lady Chatterley's Lover" all subsequent uses of the sex symbol are anti-climactic. It had been a long fight from the publication of Whitman's "Song of the Body," through the Oscar Wilde trial, through twenty years of Freud to this last writing of a novel printed in Italy and Paris. The issue was now dead, dead as the body of Lawrence in its grave.

He is associated with the short, blinding, confused years after the War. This does not mean that he was a product of the War, for by the time its significance became clear, he was already molded and intact. One might say that the War had as much effect on him as had the Civil War on Whitman. The association, however, is another matter; in 1928 Lawrence had reached his public, his was the right food for post-war taste; even his mysticism, dimly understood, was soothing, palatable. What was ripe for reading in 1928 had been maturing for a long time, through Hardy, Butler, Shaw, Wells. For a brief moment Lawrence was the Messiah of the individual soul: "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says is always true." This was great comfort in times of suicidal disillusionment and fear, when one saw only too clearly the machine guns hidden behind the altar cloth of the established churches and saw the Treaty at Versailles as a monstrous joke.

Now that we are conscious of his personality, it is quite impossible to read Lawrence without seeing the man himself—not the early photographs, the clean-shaven, boyish, H. G. Wellsian face with the straight, blue-eyed stare; but the little red-bearded man of the later portraits—mouth, eyes preternaturally grave or, suddenly, the head dropped, the eyes looking up at you and the entire face lit with a contagious, worldly, malicious smile. Where is the Byronic cloak, Lorenzo? The clothes are modern; the linen, dazzling, white, possibly washed, ironed, mended by his own hands. He is mobile, no excess baggage. The clothes he stands in and the manuscript in progress are quite enough. He is at home anywhere on earth except at the center of large cities or in the little mining town where he was born.

Like most Romantic poets, Lawrence had a strong nostalgia for the past—not for the immediate past, or the Hellenic-Christian culture that had historical reference to his own civilization, now transformed into Blake's "dark, Satanic mills"; his was a biological past: "the blood, the flesh" of man, of animals, of flowers. A union with this life force, this dark, unseen flow of blood, was a means of justifying human life and of breaking down walls of human isolation. The sense of isolation was important; for it created in him an erratic, spontaneous impulse to embrace anyone who extended a hand toward him; and, finding something less than complete acceptance of himself, another impulse arose: a hatred and distrust of humanity. It was to send him spinning around the world, away from centers of population—back to his writing, his work, which was the one perfect adjustment he had made with life. His journey into the past was by a circuitous route, with various symbols as signposts along the way—and always there must be individual freedom. When he had discovered Frieda and was living with her in Germany he wrote: "I *don't* want to go back to town and civilization. I want to rough it and scramble through, free, free." Freedom to cut through to the vital source of his being, to enter the loins of his fathers, lost generations of Nottinghamshire miners, to go beyond them, back by way of Germany, Italy, Cornwall, Australia, Ceylon, North America, Mexico and Italy again.

Nor were the motives of the journey simple or clear; they were as complex as the motives of a Narcissus trying to escape his own reflection in the mirror. Lawrence dramatized his action into a "savage pilgrimage" which was a search for many things in one: a search for the return of physical health, for a practical system of self-sustaining economics, for a house that he could rebuild, where he could clean floors and windows with his own hands, grow gardens, write, and in writing feel again his union with a source of power, and in that union gain experience more valuable to him than any other.

His poems, novels, essays—even the literary studies in "Classic American Literature" and the travelogues—are frankly autobiographical in spirit. His posthumous "Etruscan Places," hastily written in 1927, is of a piece with the Mexican sketches and the novel, "The Plumed Serpent." The Etruscans held the same fascination for him as did the dream of a lost Mexican culture: here were the fragments of a civilization long buried under earth:

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the half-obliterated painting on the wall of a tomb, but a naked thigh, a torso still visible, intact. Here was a record of life that survived even the conquest of the Roman, the hated Roman (and in a whisper, the hateful orderly Fascisti). Even the language, the very speech of these painted, naked people in the tombs, was long silent and now gone forever. Their temples, their houses were of wood and soon perished; so much the better, for life is frail as a blade of grass, and as enduring. Hail to the necropolis! Go backward through death itself until we strike, hands deep in blood, at the body of life again. The book is dubious archeology and bad reporting, but the Lawrencian fire is present and the publishers have included a set of twenty magnificent collotype reproductions of the places Lawrence saw.

Of course the eight hundred pages of letters, edited by Aldous Huxley, are rich in autobiographical material; and they are cunningly arranged so as to make a continuous story. In addition to these Lawrence had already written an autobiography in miniature, the introduction to M. M.'s "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion," published some years ago by Alfred A. Knopf. It was written in the fury of self-vindication and with a curiously sympathetic, understanding hatred of the man before him, Magnus, the author of the book. Possibly it is the best example we have of his sustained prose; there is no break in the pattern of the story and no intrusions of extraneous images and symbols. Magnus had walked in on Lawrence out of nowhere, walked into one of those compact, intensely private Lawrencian homes in Italy. Lawrence was always naked to appeals for help. He could not refuse to give money if he saw that it was needed, even though he might come to hate the person who had made him see the need. Nor could he refuse encouragement to a fellow artist, or any writer; the kindly letters to Catherine Carswell, to Ernest Collings, to Witter Bynner, to Mabel Luhan, are in evidence, and Magnus, dapper, impoverished social and literary parasite, the symbol of everything that Lawrence knew well and hated in civilization, stood in the doorway. There was nothing to do but help him, and then later, after the man's death, to explain in full his dislike for the creature, now bones and ashes, no longer human.

The letters, including the ninety contained in "Lorenzo in Taos," cancel the violently subjective reactions sustained by Mabel Luhan and John Middleton Murry. When Lawrence wrote to Murry, "You *can't* betray me," he knew his own power, yet the Murry-Lawrence relationship is by far the most interesting episode brought to light in the letters and is the central story of Mrs. Carswell's biography. The dramatic effect is heightened by the fact that Murry published two books about Lawrence, both containing passages of Murry's best writing. The situation grew into a typical Lawrencian mess, not unlike the one which followed Lawrence's visit to Mabel Luhan's estate in New Mexico. And at this point it may be well to remember that it is almost impossible to write a personal account of Lawrence without lying. The effort to be honest, consciously honest, is soon transformed into a noble attitude of self-defense. Only Mrs. Carswell is intelligent enough to be humble concerning her first-hand impressions and accept his contradictions as part of a consistent pattern—even to the extent of contradicting her own statements about him.

The importance of the Murry friendship lies in the fact that it reveals Lawrence at crucial moments in his later career. By 1915 he felt the need of disciples, and, though he had known Murry for some time, this was the moment when he needed him most. To Lady Ottoline Morrell he writes: "Murry has a genuine side to his nature: so has Mrs. Murry [Katherine Mansfield]. Don't distrust them. They are valuable I know." He had already X-rayed the Georgians, "dear Eddie Marsh" and the rest, down to Rupert Brooke, "a Greek god under a Japanese sunshade, reading poetry in his pyjamas at Grantchester, at Grantchester—upon the lawns where the river goes. . . ." They were graceful, lovable, charming, hollow —Murry was his man! He could mold Murry in his own image, could tell him to go *be a man* and apparently Murry would take the advice. He was to be the alabaster chalice made over to contain the dark, blood-rich Lawrencian god.

The Murrys visited the Lawrences in Cornwall and the friendship went to smash—yet neither of the two men dared recognize the fact. Even less so Frieda, Lawrence's wife, who hoped and half-believed that Murry would defend Lawrence as a poet, a writer. Her belief was to continue for many years, overriding her husband's instinctive judgment.

This much was certain; Murry took the job of riding to immortality on Lawrence's shoulders, but naturally he wished to assume the responsibility at least cost to himself. Meanwhile Lawrence had entered his long career of disagreement with agents and publishers, of having his best work fail to reach its market. Anything that Murry might be bullied into saying in his defense was valuable. The relationship dragged onward. There are a number of instances to prove (Mabel Luhan to the contrary) that Lawrence always retained a streak of hard-headed Nottinghamshire practicality. He could no more release Murry than give up the few pounds (sometimes as low as six) that he kept in the bank, the last stronghold against complete disaster.

At last, in 1923, we have the picture of the two men at the Cafe Royal in London. The story of the dinner is somewhat garbled by Mabel Luhan but set right again by an eyewitness, Mrs. Carswell. Lawrence was like a weary serpent, limp, his eyes glazed with kindliness and the hope that Frieda's confidence in Murry would bear fruit. Here was Murry, an agile cat, softly stepping round and round him; he was an editor, a critic who had once befriended, then attacked him. Everyone proceeded to get drunk; something had to be done to relieve the strain. The occasion called for a fine display of dramatics and it was Murry who took the lead. He rose and kissed Lawrence. To Catherine Carswell he seemed a heroic Judas, his desire for betrayal satisfied. From now onward, Murry would be absolved, free of the danger (to himself at least) of being wiped out by Lawrence. Lawrence went dead white and "passed out cold." The symbolic action seemed to prove that his distrust in humanity was a profound truth. He was the Messiah of a people that he could not save. Better return to Mexico, to the life before this life, backward centuries in place, in time, to the blood of his own loins, to the loins of his distant unremembered fathers.

From this date onward, Murry played, according to Mrs. Carswell, the catlike Judas role. Lawrence was always the tired watchful serpent, rousing from his lethargy to strike and pierce Murry's delicate flesh with poison, and then relax again, advance, retreat, advance. . . . In fairness to Murry one impression should be rectified. It would seem from Huxley's editing of the letters that Murry made all the later advances. This is not true. Mrs. Carswell tells us that up to the very end Lawrence refused to break with Murry; the contact remained fluid, each actor maintaining his role.

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Although the Murry episode came too late in Lawrence's life to shift his basic convictions, the evidence derived from the experience seemed to drive home every point to its logical conclusion. Murry became the symbol of the outside world, the type form of Lawrence's extra-marital relations, the European man, the middle class that Mellors damns so bitterly, so effectively, in "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Something of the same kind of creature was the American, haunted by the Indian; the case could be proved by the group in Taos, empty-headed, nervous, fired by whiskey or Gurdjieff and all riding, to no purpose, to no end, through beautiful scenery in expensive motor cars. Lawrence's lack of ability to select the right kind of people for friends (Garnett, Mrs. Carswell, Frieda and Huxley seem to be the only exceptions) was quite enough to back his claims of salvation from loneliness through sexual understanding. Frieda was always the court of last appeal, the evidence that a miner's son, no matter how poor, how sadly deflected in his emotional life through love for his mother, could say: "Look! We have come through!" It was a union of the proletariat with the aristocracy (Lawrence's notepaper was stamped with Frieda's family crest). It is healthy, normal sex that breaks down the barriers of society in "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Industrial civilization—the mines with broken men emerging, white faces trembling under dirt—is swept away, crumbling in its own topheavy ruins, while in the woods, in a small gamekeeper's hut, a man and a woman, both naked, kiss, quarrel and conceive a child.

Yet the best passages in this last of Lawrence's important novels are those which contain the furious invective against the English middle classes. These, too, are expurgated in the Knopf "trade" edition. The invective is tamed until the repetition of the word "guts" (a word chosen by the unnamed editor to mean anything and everything that is spelt with four letters in the English language) becomes childish and annoying. This edition is particularly worthless, for here are a number of attempts to rewrite Lawrence as well as expurgate him. Chapter X is an unwieldy combination of two chapters in Lawrence's Paris edition. What little form the novel possessed in its original state is thoroughly mangled.

The "trade" edition of "Lady Chatterley" reminds us again that Lawrence's work is done and, in rereading it, the bewildered, dark period—not so long ago—returns. One thinks of an early letter written to Edward Garnett: "It will seem a bit rough to me, when I am forty-five [he was forty-five when he died] and must see myself and my tradition supplanted. I shall bear it very badly." The world is moving away from Lawrence's need for personal salvation; his "dark religion" is not a substitute for economic planning, nor can all of us escape into a gamekeeper's hut with a naked lady, shake our fists at the middle classes and shut the door upon industrial civilization. His introduction to the Paris edition of "Lady Chatterley" states his position clearly: "Ours is a day of realization rather than action. . . . Now our business is to realize sex. . . ." This was written in 1929.

And today, what remains of Lawrence? It is as though his personality has devoured his work. As a demonstration of this phenomenon, the Huxley edition of his letters is by far the best document we have and it should be read by all who are interested in the man or the writer. This reading should be supplemented by the Carswell biography, a good book, forthright, clear—then, as a curious by-product, the Mabel Luhan story, which has little value as a biography or even an interpretation of Lawrence, but is an amusing, unconscious revelation of the sort of people he lived among. As for the novels, which contain some of the best poetry written in our time—isolated scenes in "Women in Love" and passages of magnificent imagery in "The Rainbow"—they remain fragmentary, incomplete. The need for Lawrence's particular brand of vitalism is past; and the structure of the Lawrencian novel seems to be crumbling; for having reproduced the pattern of Lawrence's life, its immediate uses are gone. For the present, only "Sons and Lovers" is secure, embalmed in college courses on the English novel. The phoenix on his grave will be remembered as a memorial to a great English poet who wrote better prose and fewer poems than any of his predecessors in the Romantic tradition:

Will the bird perish,
Shall the bird rise?

HORACE GREGORY.

Nobel Prizeman

Flowering Wilderness, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

I HAD A hard time reading the first fifty pages of this novel, but the rest of it was easy. After once getting used to the well-smugged English characters with what the author calls a "whimsically wistful" look on their faces, with wisticality in their hearts, a dead whimfulness in their conversation and, surrounding them, a smell of boiled beef, potatoes and rare old butlers seasoned with a stale dash of "Alice in Wonderland"—after resigning yourself to the total absence of subtlety, fire or distinction, the substitution of "good form" for literary form and of "good taste" for taste—in a word, after fifty pages you find that Galsworthy is telling an interesting story.

Dinny Cherrell falls in love with Wilfrid Desert, just back from the East, and Wilfrid proposes marriage. The two young people belong to the same class, that of the *pukka sahibs,* the full-weight, genuine, permanent, brick-and-mortar Englishmen who founded the Empire and profit by it, and dedicate themselves to its service. (Pukka sahibs are to be distinguished from the minor officials, members of second-line clubs, the mere government wallahs.) Wilfrid ranks higher in the privileged class than Dinny: he is the second son of Lord Mullyon, and his elder brother being without issue, he will probably inherit the title; but there are reasons for regarding him as an undesirable suitor. He is a skeptic, an individualist, a poet; and he has allowed himself to be converted to Mohammedanism at the pistol's point. Worst of all, he has written a poem about his conversion and insists on having it published.

Galsworthy spares us the poem, but he devotes a book-blurb paragraph to its effect on Dinny. "It had a depth and a fervor which took her breath away; it was a paean in praise of contempt for convention faced with the stark reality of the joy in living, yet with a haunting moan of betrayal running through it." Inspired by the poem and the fire that sleeps in Wilfrid's eyes, she endeavors to win over her relatives.

Her father the general; her uncles the judge, the rector and the scholar; her brother the colonial administrator; the spirits of her cousins scattered in government bungalows from Fiji to Zanzibar; the shades of her ancestors who died of assegai thrusts or blackwater fever while collecting the tribute of a thousand tribes, all sit in judgment on

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her marriage, and agree that it's a bad business. The question of religion doesn't bother them much: they are all agnostics, even the rector. The fear of ridicule doesn't enter their unworldly minds, and in this respect I think that Galsworthy is lacking in verisimilitude. The novelist must know, and certainly his characters would know, that being converted to Mohammedanism involves subjecting oneself to the rite of circumcision. I can't imagine that this would fail to give rise to gossip. Literary form demands that a novelist should at least suggest the implications of his subject, but Galsworthy chooses good form instead, and circumcision is never mentioned. The Cherrell family objects to Wilfrid's conversion because it is, in simple words, a treachery to his class. Says Dinny's uncle the scholar, "Nothing could so damage the Oriental's idea of the Englishman as a recantation at the pistol's point. The question before him was: Do I care enough for my country and my people to die sooner than lower that conception?"

Dinny answers, after a moment of troubled silence, "But can't you see, Uncle, the whole thing was a monstrous jest to him?"

"No, my dear, I don't think I can."

It wasn't a jest, and that's the point of the novel. Dinny is faithful to her lover, but Wilfrid wavers under the strain of being blackballed at his club and cut dead in the street. Of course he has supporters—"the advanced crowd and Bolshies generally"—but their sympathy fills him with revulsion. At heart he remains a pukka sahib and agrees with the judges who have sentenced him to Coventry—or rather, in this instance, to Siam. Back in the East, he will doubtless redeem himself by keeping natives in their places and always dressing for dinner. As for Dinny, she remains in England. Some day she will marry a man she doesn't love, and bear him a lot of nice English children, and bring them up to bear the burdens of empire.

Galsworthy in this book is a class novelist pure and simple, a proletarian writer turned upside down. There is no nonsense here about individualism, the ivory tower, the artist's duty to be above the battle. There is little of his former irony or his sense of social justice. He is writing about people whose lives are subordinate, whose loves, even, must be subordinated, to the interests of the class from which they spring. In England, "all that keeps us going comes from the top," as General Cherrell "shrewdly" says; the problem is how to maintain the solidarity of the pukka sahibs, their tradition of service, their kindliness to people beneath themselves as long as they stay beneath. Every defection from their own ranks is a threat to the whole social order—and without intruding into the story, the author effectively shows his attitude toward individualists and renegades. Wilfrid doesn't get a break.

A class writer, Galsworthy has the virtues of his class, its solidity, patience, discipline, but he shows its defects also. Its great days are in the past; the fire has gone out of it. Things believed with bowels and heart and head have given place to things believed only, as Galsworthy says, "below the belt," and questioned with the mind. The Bible has given place to "Alice in Wonderland," conviction to convention tempered with irony, and this in turn to prejudice tempered with wisty-whimfulness. The pukka sahibs were never a literary class; they always mistrusted poets like Wilfrid and book wallahs in general; yet in their prime they produced some of the greatest writers in Europe. Today John Galsworthy is all the Shakespeare they have.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Heavies Weigh In

Titans of Literature, by Burton Rascoe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 496 pages. $3.75.

BURTON RASCOE has written a book. That in itself is something to ponder upon. For the better part of two decades Mr. Rascoe has been sowing cultural seed broadcast in periodicals, prefaces, editorial columns, news columns and just columns; he has even edited an almanac and has kept on sowing in all seasons regardless. Some of his crop has been pretty ordinary stuff—daily breakfast food, intellectual puffed oats, merely rations; a lot more of it has been clever, apt, intelligent; a good share of it has been keen, highly original, penetratingly acute—nourishment of the best; and othersome, prodigally flung off in the hypertense twenties for the most part, has been literary wild oats of such stimulating kind and quality as to set many an intellectual colt of the period raring to bite the first sacred cow he could catch outside the New Humanist dairy farm.

There is extant a selection of samples ("A Bookman's Daybook," edited by C. Hartley Grattan; Liveright, 1929) which demonstrates all this perfectly well, at least so far as concerns the better and best grades of Mr. Rascoe's serial foods, and that is what is important. But the majority of consumers, one dares to say, are strangers to this selection, so it is more than just as well that Mr. Rascoe has written a book.

In "Titans of Literature" Mr. Rascoe starts near the east end of the Mediterranean and proceeds in a north and westerly direction, making discoveries all the way. The time covered, correspondingly, is from about 880 B. C. to the present date, but time makes no difference to Mr. Rascoe's enthusiastic and very active mind. He gives Homer thirty-four pages of prose so instinct with freshness and interest that you catch yourself wondering why Harvard didn't offer the Norton chair of poetry to the gifted Greek. And he talks about Aristophanes, in the fifty-two pages he allots to Greek drama, in a way that makes it seem nonsensical for the Theatre Guild to rest until it has produced him entire. Then come considerations of Virgil, Dante, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Villon, Montaigne, Cervantes. . . . But this reminds me that Mr. Rascoe scores off Dante because too many of his pages read like a telephone book, unalphabetically ordered, and rounded out with rhetorical paraffin. Further, he tests the dour Florentine's "mighty line" and shows it is just stout enough to hang the critics, mostly English, who have thus denominated it. Dante, the poet and man, limps from Mr. Rascoe's critical skillet on clay feet, ready for immortality, from the armpits up, as an infinitely extended series of book-ends.

The Protestant epic-maker Milton fares no better. Mr. Rascoe spits this prize ox of poesy with scholarly deliberation and roasts him for twenty-three pages over a fire far hotter than his victim was able to pilfer from heaven—or rather from an obscure Italian picture of it which came within range of his as yet unblinded eye. Other Titans to emerge somewhat scorched are Virgil and Flaubert, the first because feeble, the latter because unfit.

The past decade or so has been rich, even gamey, with biography and history in which everything is laid out to be as astounding as a movie and as familiar as a souse in a speakeasy. Let it be said that there is nothing in common except, in a measure, language, between this force-pumped product and Mr. Rascoe's artesian flow of exhilarating

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narrative and idea. Mr. Rascoe's tirelessly questing eagerness to know and understand great literature and its makers is the prime mover in "Titans of Literature." That is why his story of what he has found carries with it an overtone of enthusiasm almost electrical in its intensity and in its communicability as well.

Though that is not all of him, by any means. There is something in his eye and approach that lets him see even the most taken-for-granted cultural images in aspects invisible to those whom scholarship has submerged. The name Homer, to take an example, presents itself to him as the logical title bestowed upon a *joiner* of legends into epics; and to him the Homeridae were not pretended kinsmen of Homer but imitators of the Homeric method, and thus no less logically were described as "singers of stitched lays." And this is simply a sample. Among the fauna of the Sacred Wood Mr. Rascoe frisks and scurries like an irrepressible red squirrel, spiraling up one venerable trunk after another, spying out conformations and hollownesses hidden from below, and meanwhile showering the heavier-footed critical ruminants with dislodged bark and branches.

Like Diogenes Laertius, Mr. Rascoe is intensely curious about the lives led by his subjects as social animals, and his narrative is richly sprinkled with notes and comments of a personal sort. Particularly good in this respect are the passages dealing with Horace, Montaigne, Defoe, Verlaine, Anatole France and Marcel Proust. He has done a good job, too, of sketching in ancient and alien social backgrounds and relating them acutely to our own. In half-a-dozen instances one senses a definite perfunctoriness in Mr. Rascoe's treatment of his half-hundred characters, but I think these lapses are rather reassuring than otherwise. He has also omitted more than incidental reference to Stendhal, and his note on Joyce is brief. In the latter case, however, the factor of space may have had its weight, and in the former the data are still largely uncertified in so far as concerns, at least, the man.

Considering "Titans of Literature" as a whole, I venture to judge that not only will it be read widely but that it will exert a very considerable displacement power in the field for which it has been designed.

MURRAY GODWIN.

An Heir to Caesar

The Cult of Weakness, by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 182 pages. $1.50.

FIFTY-TWO years ago, at the age of thirty, the grandfather for whom Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was named entered the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Only yesterday the grandson was elected to the same body at the same age. The grandfather spent the decade between his graduation from Harvard and his entry into politics studying law, editing The North American Review with Henry Adams, lecturing on American history at Harvard and writing a life of his ancestor George Cabot, who presided over the Hartford Convention and once remarked, "We are democratic altogether and I hold democracy in its natural operation to be a government of the worst." The grandson has devoted the corresponding decade of his career to political reporting for The Boston Evening Transcript and The New York Herald Tribune.

Many young college graduates with similar connections have been forced by the crisis to concern themselves with politics, but Mr. Lodge speaks with greater authority than any of the others for the class to which they all belong. Here is no reformed salesman, stockbroker or playboy, but a maturing statesman, born, bred and trained to his calling. "The Cult of Weakness" therefore commands attention as the authentic credo of the heirs to Caesar.

Mr. Lodge's grandfather chose shrewdly—more shrewdly than Henry Adams—when he cast in his lot with the industrialists and financiers who controlled the Republican party in 1880. The Gilded Age may have embittered Mark Twain, the occupation of the Philippines may have disgusted William Vaughn Moody, but the late Senator from Massachusetts knew that God is on the side of the strongest battalions and even at the age of seventy helped to annihilate the last leader of the progressive movement that had come into existence as the inevitable reaction to his own stand-pat Republicanism. In fact, Senator Lodge's contribution to the defeat of Woodrow Wilson went a long way toward making possible the Republican party of Harding, Daugherty, Fall, the Ohio gang; of Mellon, Coolidge and Hoover, from which the grandson learned his political wisdom.

Of what does this wisdom consist? The first four chapters of "The Cult of Weakness" tell how "pacifist groups" have hampered American foreign policy since the War. Frankly assuming the continuance of the present international anarchy, Mr. Lodge makes out a strong case for a big navy. But it is one thing to argue that nations will still go to war in a world that is being rapidly transformed by new methods of production, and quite a different thing to assume that domestic politics will change no more rapidly than international politics. It is on this shaky assumption that Mr. Lodge's fifth and last chapter rests. Because the defeat of our militarists has weakened America abroad, "those who are strong" and have been "either silent or sleeping" throughout this "'softie' era" must become noisy and alert at home. As one of "those who desire primarily the encouragement of self-reliance," Mr. Lodge criticizes the Farm Board and similar federal agencies, calling them "causes of weakness in greater or less degree." Is it possible that he does not know that the Farm Board is not a cause but a result of weakness in precisely the self-reliant kind of society that he desires? Of course he does; he is merely warming up for his sublime concluding impertinence: "Violence is being done to the American dream." If the last two words, borrowed from James Truslow Adams, have any meaning at all, they refer to the aspirations and interests against which Mr. Lodge, like his grandfather before him, has declared war to the death.

In the city of Boston there is a thoroughfare called State Street, which connotes locally what Wall Street connotes nationally. Young Mr. Lodge belongs to State Street by birth, by temperament and by choice. When, therefore, he speaks of "America as we have learned to know and love it," the first person plural is editorial or royal, not universal. "We" crushed the Shays Rebellion, supported Hamilton against Jefferson, advocated secession in 1814, stoned William Lloyd Garrison, hissed Robert Gould Shaw as he led his Negro troops past "our" Somerset Club on Beacon Hill, attacked Woodrow Wilson for keeping "us" out of war, and electrocuted Sacco and Vanzetti. The whole Adams family from John to Henry despised State Street; so did the self-reliant Emerson. For State Street has unfailingly violated the American dream by preserving the American nightmare.

QUINCY HOWE.

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"Carson the Advocate" and Other Biographies

Carson the Advocate, by Edward Marjoribanks, with a Preface by the Rt. Hon. Viscount Hailsham. New York: The Macmillan Company. 463 pages. $3.

WHEN Edward Marjoribanks died last April he had completed his authorized biography of Lord Carson, more familiarly known as Sir Edward Carson, only to the year 1910. Viscount Hailsham, who appears to have had entrusted to him the disposition of the manuscript and the material collected for a second volume, has wisely decided to publish the completed portion, thereby fulfilling in part Carson's wish to see the work issued in two volumes with an interval between them. The year 1910, as Viscount Hailsham notes, really marks a turning point in Carson's career, for it was then that he accepted the leadership of Ulster and began, in the public eye at least, to figure more prominently as a politician than as a great barrister.

Politics and law, however, ran side by side throughout the larger part of Carson's career, with the difference that in Ireland, where he laid the foundations of his fame, his most notable cases were inseparably bound up with the political agitations of the time, whereas in England, save when he was solicitor-general, his work at the bar was little affected by his political activities. His biographer has done well to give the reader plenty of historical background. Only an expert can find his way through the mazes of the Irish question without help, and Carson was a part of the Irish question almost from the moment his professional career began.

Rather curiously, the future leader of the Ulster militants was by birth and education a southern Irishman, and no small part of his early success was due to his innate feeling for a people whose natural temper responded more to emotion than to logic. It was in an atmosphere surcharged with hatred of England that he learned to plead and defend, his Roman features, "hands of feminine slimness and delicacy" and frail physique contrasting strangely with his winsome brogue and superb personal courage. Marjoribanks emphasizes the slowness of his professional advance, yet by 1886, when only thirty-two years old, he was a recognized leader of the Irish bar, and he was not yet forty when his maiden speech in the House of Commons placed him at once in the front rank of parliamentary debaters.

His removal to London, following his election to the Commons as a member for Dublin University, was due to Balfour, whom he met when Balfour became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and for whom he formed an affectionate admiration which politics was later to mar. Never a Home Ruler, he had in Ireland, as Crown Counsel, conducted with vigor a long list of important prosecutions under the Crimes Act, and the title of "Coercion Carson" followed him to Westminster. There, after an initial prominence that seemed to hold large hope for the future, he eventually "by his own will banished himself into the wilderness and became a rebel against his own party." On the Irish Land Bill of 1896, intended to expedite the tenant purchase of land and secure to the tenants their own improvements, he was, his biographer thinks, "on the wrong side, but for the right reasons": he could think of the landlords only as "a small and faithful garrison of Unionists" who were now to be despoiled.

Notwithstanding his professional standing in Ireland, Carson had to begin at the bottom in London, but his rise was rapid. The Oscar Wilde trial, of which Marjoribanks gives us one of the best summary accounts that we have, the prosecution of the Jameson raiders, the suit of Cadbury, of cocoa fame, against the Standard Newspapers, and the Archer-Shee case are only the more conspicuous of the causes in which his great legal powers were enlisted. He would take, we are told, but one case at a time, and none in which he did not believe. His greatest resource, apparently, was his terrible ability as a cross-examiner, but his biographer notes also "his virulent invective, his uncanny skill in laying traps for unwary feet . . . his superb power of seeing the one essential point in a case, his courage in abandoning everything else and in staking the whole issue perhaps on a single question." As far as legal biography goes, it would be hard to find a book which a layman can read with greater understanding or more vivid interest.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern, by Clara G. Stillman. New York: The Viking Press. 329 pages. $3.75.

THE LONGEVITY which Samuel Butler enjoys is precisely the sort that he desired for himself—a posthumous one. He died in 1902 without having come in sight of the proverbial three score and ten; he continues to live, thirty years afterward, where he always wanted to: on "the lips of living men." At his death, he was disregarded or disliked, or both. Born of parents who represented Victorianism at its most insidious, himself educated for the cloth, the heretical fellow fought not only the orthodox Church but, becoming an evolutionist, fought the Darwinians and, turning to literature, fought the classicists on behalf of his "authoress of the Odyssey." He did pioneer work in such diverse fields as religion, science, literary and social criticism, and was treated as an outcast for his pains. He rounded out his life by taking an active as well as a theoretical interest in painting and music, and was damned for a dabbler.

Butler's sudden rise to fame took its impetus from the posthumous publication of "The Way of All Flesh," that bitterly honest novel of his own early life. He had been in his grave some two decades when his reputation was at its height. If it has declined somewhat of late, there is reason to believe that its bones will rise again. As his biographer indicates, and as a later generation may rediscover, Butler's importance lies in his struggle "against the material and intellectual mechanization in which tradition and progress converge with crushing force," a struggle which perhaps can only be fought out after the triumph of a revolution in which he played an indirect and inconspicuous part.

Mrs. Stillman gives an engagingly lucid account of Butler's battles, against his family, against the faith in which he was nurtured, against the scientist whom he so profoundly admired, against the good blind people everywhere. Not the least virtue of her book is that it shows, inextricably part of the indomitable fighter and the rigorous and sardonic thinker, the modest, tender, winning man that Butler was. To have presented so clearly his intellectual struggles, so tactfully his emotional tragedies, so

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certainly his sweetness and his strength, is no small thing. There are, too, innumerable sharp insights, such as the characterization of Butler's inimical friend Pauli as "a sort of Mona Lisa among scoundrels," and of his sister Harriet as "a mute, inglorious Mrs. Eddy," or the observation that for some "frustration . . . is the supreme gift of life." But the chief excellence of this biography lies in the fact that the author is so thoroughly imbued with Butler's view of the unity and complexity of life as to present his history in all the richness of its variety, while keeping fast hold on its unifying principle—the principle of liberation. The book is written in a smooth simple style and with a kind of brilliant common sense that would have delighted its subject.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Forgotten Frontiers: Dreiser and the Land of the Free, by Dorothy Dudley. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 485 pages. $4.

REALIZING the difficulty, in view of the amount of Dreiser's autobiographical writing, of giving much new information about his career, Miss Dudley has tried to make her book a study of American life in the past four decades. Since her point of view is confused and pretentious, and her style has all of Dreiser's verbosity and bad taste without his honesty, the result is dismaying. Miss Dudley, in keeping with the standards of the Menckenian enlightenment, talks a good deal about elegance of mind and laments the exclusion of American writers from high society. She is chiefly impressed with Dreiser's struggle against prudishness, and she has much to say about freedom.

Occasionally there are revealing quotations from letters or conversations. Toward the end, for example, she quotes Dreiser as saying that the only hope is "in the youngsters who want to change the whole face of the country and follow Russia." She asked what good that would do, and he replied, "It would make a change at any rate, like a change of woman for a man, or lover for a woman." Miss Dudley reminded him—she would!—that only a change of heart mattered. "Yes, he supposed he knew it," she goes on. "Then he added, 'I would do anything if the moment came and asked for it, an important moment, one that asked for sacrifice.'" That is the real Dreiser, offering stupid reasons for sound conclusions. And there are other passages in which he breaks through and lends to the book some of his own massive honesty. Otherwise it is on a level with Mr. Paine's "Life and Lillian Gish."

GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Saga of Fridtjov Nansen, by Jon Sörenson. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 372 pages. $4.50.

THERE is conscience and warmth in this pedestrian semi-official biography of the Norwegian arctic explorer and scientist, patriot and citizen of the world, by a schoolmaster friend. There is not much sophistication. The great themes of our time are implicit but nowhere consciously set down—the relation to the mass of the individual, where lies integrity, how to mobilize the forces of peace or evoke the pacifism that will dissolve the forces of war.

Fridtjov Nansen was one of the few seemingly "whole men," neutral or combatant, survivors of the War. This biography is the story of his self-discipline, the constant movement of his restless quest, his love of the beauty of the physical world, his functioning as negotiator in the separation of Norway from Sweden and in the trade agreement between Norway and America, his skill in refugee relief and his success in creating at least a passport for the denationalized though not yet internationalized human beings of southeastern Europe. We see him, alone among statesmen—or, shall we say, neutral citizens—admitted to a share in direction of Russian famine relief. When this biography is characterized as not sophisticated, it is partly because it records Nansen's spoken praise of Hoover, without mentioning his function of checking as well as cooperating with the American Relief Association.

To be above the battle is not always to understand it. Nansen, a man of action, and a man of spirit in a materialist age, walked through the battle and, though no part of the revolution, made his contribution to it. He believed in the legend of the Prince of Peace, but he made his clarion call not the mystery of love, but a cry for a "white banner on which the one word WORK shines forth in golden letters." Mr. Sörenson has skillfully used material from Nansen's early books on the voyage of the "Fram," from "Sporting Days in Wild Norway" and from a great number of other scientific and literary works by Nansen.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

The Life and Writings of Hugh Henry Brackenridge, by Claude Milton Newlin. Princeton University Press. 336 pages. $5.

THIS IS a good book and a surprising one. Everyone who knows about H. H. Brackenridge has up to this time formed his opinion from that elephantine thesaurus of Americana, "Modern Chivalry," which appeared in instalments from 1792 until 1805. The four original volumes amount to a compendium of defects in the American social system: the low and scurrilous tone of the press, the ineffectiveness of the educator, the ignorance of the judiciary, the incompetence of the clergy, the general futility of the legislators, the "levelling phrenzy" of the mob. And the indictment against the American public is drawn in terms of the successes, partial or threatened, of Teague O'Regan, forerunner of a roster of characters from Cooper's Aristabulus Bragg to Lewis's Elmer Gantry.

A reader of "Modern Chivalry" gains the impression that the writer was a man of superabounding energy, a generous measure of recklessness and infectious good cheer; that he had no romantic illusions and a somewhat mocking detachment from the social order. But a reader of Professor Newlin's biographical study has to change all this. Brackenridge seems in fact to have been all his life a combination of truculence and timidity, continually involved in pretty heated controversy and continually fearful for his own skin. And instead of being a man of Olympian detachment, he used his satire as a sort of running counterpoint to his successive political involvements.

Such a discovery makes neither Brackenridge nor his chief work less interesting or less significant. Professor Newlin has no brief for either; and the upshot of his study is that Brackenridge was somewhat less muscular than his work would indicate and that his work was far more closely interwoven with the events of the day and with the vivid interplay of sectional interests between the coast and the mountain region than appeared on the surface. The tale is simply and clearly told, amply documented and abundantly fortified with the machinery of scholarship.

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The list contains no reprints, though several good ones have recently appeared. Among the most interesting are: "Nine Plays by Eugene O'Neill" (Liveright; $4); "The Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert," complete in one volume, with an introduction by Deems Taylor (Random House; $3.50); a new two-volume edition of Casanova's Memoirs (Boni; $5); The Newgate Calendar (Putnam; $2.50); Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," complete in two volumes (Modern Library; $2); and a one-volume edition of Spengler's "The Decline of the West" (Knopf; $5).

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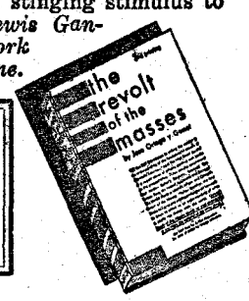

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Common Sense about the Stage

The Stage Is Set, by Lee Simonson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 602 pages. $5.

LEE SIMONSON is a stage designer with shrewd common sense that is at once a virtue and a limitation. Precious and impractical theories are anathema to him. He looks upon the enthusiastic vagaries of his contemporaries who are inclined to go off the handle about space stages and constructivism and the like with amused and condescending tolerance. He is impatient with the slipshod scholarship that has fostered untruths as authentic facts in stage history and then grown lyric over them. Hence this book, which is to lift "the technique of staging in historic theatres out of the debris of accumulated misconceptions" and "to deflate some of the pretensions lent to the scene designer by his mentors and well-wishers."

Though the material on which Mr. Simonson bases his conclusions with regard to the theatre's past has been known for some time to both the scholar and the student of stage history, no other chronicler has marshaled it so effectively or expressed it so engagingly. His attacks have impact. He has the knack of making clear the relations between past and present. His discussions of Greek realism in the fifth century B. C., naturalism in the early sixteenth century, decoration in the theatre of Molière, the scenic revival of Shakespeare's England, contrive a spirited emphasis even when they do not inform. And the chapters devoted to George II, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and to Adolphe Appia present those figures, little known to the theatre dilettante, in their true importance.

But the inability of a scene designer with common sense to fly off the handle in company with his more susceptible colleagues, though it may keep him from making a fool of himself, also stands in the way of high achievement. Mr. Simonson gets a good deal of fun out of the painstaking irony he directs at the sudden enthusiasms of Kenneth Macgowan, Sheldon Cheney, Norman Bel Geddes and other living writers on the theatre. His satisfaction over his savage raid on the artistic reputation of Gordon Craig, dismissing his designs as "nothing more than the irresponsible improvisations of a romantic water-colorist," is evident. Yet his attitude toward the transitory fanaticisms of the theatre dreamer who would be a pioneer must lead to just such a plaint as he utters in his concluding pages:

> As a group, American designers are in danger of becoming virtuosi. I begin to wince when I see by the morning paper how infallibly another of us has caught the mood of a play. We are almost too sure of our results. We are not forced to grope often enough, to search for form, as other artists have had to do, to dig it out of ourselves, in frenzy, in agony if need be, and bring it forth at first only in fragments, broken, piecemeal.

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After an informed summary of the conditions that have led the Broadway theatre into its present deplorable tangle of real-estate and ticket speculation and stupid management, Mr. Simonson makes some suggestions toward the future. He would have the "wealthiest citizens" of our large cities devote money and energy to building and running theatres, each of which would contain standardized electrical and mechanical equipment. "The best Broadway successes would tour twenty cities, and successes discovered in

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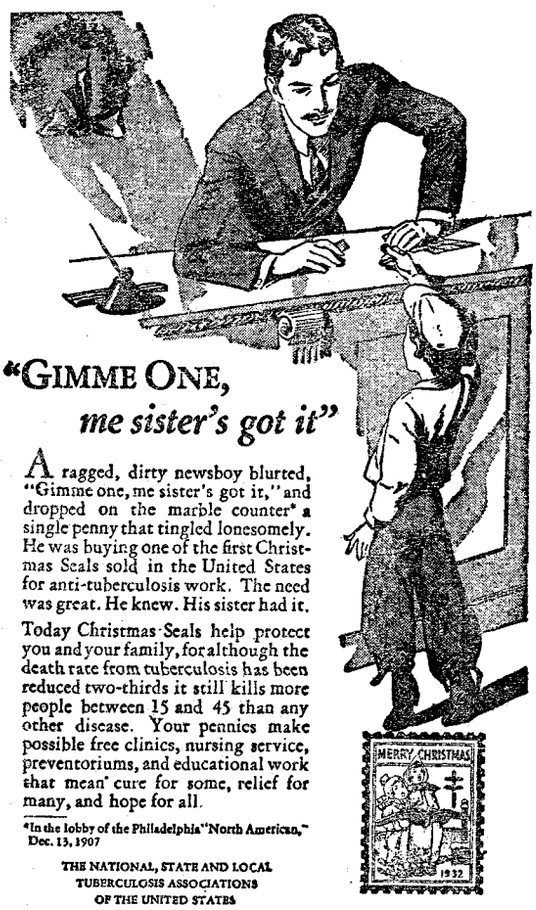

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*In the lobby of the Philadelphia "North American," Dec. 13, 1907

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BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Detroit or San Francisco could move to Broadway for a lucrative run." On such a scheme, which this destroyer of impractical visionaries describes as a "basis for a genuinely national theatre," he would lay the foundations of a new structure. It seems a blithe assumption that in theatres built and run by the donors of art galleries and symphony orchestras the poet-playwrights whom, Mr. Simonson tells us, the designers now await, will find the freedom to express their concepts with that beauty and eloquence for which he argues sincerely and convincingly in his final chapter. CARL CARMER.

The Wrath of God

God's Angry Man, by Leonard Ehrlich. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

MR. EHRLICH has performed a remarkable feat in transposing the theme of John Brown from the key of biography to that of fiction. He confesses in his foreword his obligation to Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's "monumental biography," in which every fact concerning John Brown which could be unearthed from documents or oral tradition is set down with scrupulous exactness and just emphasis. Mr. Villard's careful biographical work has given confidence to the novelist, in the assurance that his work "moves within a frame of historical fact"; and of his confidence is born the imaginative freedom with which he treats his material. And what superb material it is, including that which is most commonplace and most extravagant in our national experience—pioneering and conquest of the soil, business competition, the resurgence of the Puritan character in the Abolitionist, the political struggle between North and South culminating in violence and civil war, all motives which find their individual expression in John Brown.

In translating biography into fiction Mr. Ehrlich's method is that of the symphony or the symphonic poem, rather than that of the historical narrative. His book opens with the terrific turbulence and clash of the war in Kansas, the burning of Lawrence, the assassination of five men on the Pottawatomie, torn from their beds and hacked to death in cold blood, the responsibility for which made John Brown a hunted outlaw. Then follows an interlude, a lovely andante, in which we see the serious, intense boy of seven years keeping the fires burning to save the crops from a summer frost. Then come the succeeding movements, closing with the death march of the trial and execution which sealed John Brown a criminal and placed him among the stars.

The book is more than a biographical novel; it is a family history of three generations. It begins with Oaken Brown, left by the death of his father in the Revolutionary War to shift for himself among the various livelihoods of Connecticut Colony. He married Ruth Miller, the daughter of a minister, in spite of the taint of insanity in her family. Their son, John Brown, married twice and had eleven children. One of the moving episodes of the book is the journey of John Brown, Jr., and Jason Brown with their families to Kansas, the death of Jason's little boy on the river steamer and his burial on the bank, whence John Brown later brought the little body to the new home. These sons are distinct characters in their varying allegiance to their father—John and Jason hunted with him as outlaws in Kansas; Frederick, simple-minded, obedient, shot dead by a pro-slavery clergyman; Oliver, who invoked the name of Christ against violence in Kansas

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and yet, with his brother Watson, left their young wives and children to join their father at Harper's Ferry.

What were John Brown's thoughts during the many hours when these two boys, his latest born, lay dying at his side? Mr. Ehrlich does not tell us. He neither explains nor justifies John Brown. He lets the facts speak for themselves. And they do speak loudly, if not in unison. They tell us that Brown was kindly, considerate, humane, chivalrous and yet guilty of assassination. He was honest with himself and his God, yet he deceived his fellow men. He loved his family, his wife, his children, yet he demanded their lives in sacrifice. We have a divided personality, which Mr. Ehrlich refrains from analyzing.

In the fragment of autobiography which Brown wrote for his Abolitionist supporters, reprinted by Mr. Villard, he tells us that the War of 1812 made him a pacifist, a conscientious objector. "The effect of what he saw during the war was to so far disgust him with military affairs that he would neither train, or drill; but paid fines; and got along like a Quaker until his age has finally cleared him of military duty." At the same time he swore "eternal war with slavery." In other words, Brown was one of those who abjure war among nations for political ends, but who enlist in the class war, and are willing to do violence in the cause of social justice. In this respect the case of John Brown becomes a portent for our own times. The question of Negro slavery might have been settled by political means but for the abdication of statesmanship, of which the eclipse of the executive through the succession of weak and mediocre presidents from Harrison to Buchanan is startling evidence. This failure made violence inevitable. Brown wrote the apology for his conduct at Pottawatomie and at Harper's Ferry in the scrawl which he handed to his jailer on his way to execution: "I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land:* will never be purged away; but with Blood. I had *as I now think:* vainly flattered myself that without *very much* blood shed; it might be done." It has not even yet been done. No one will contend that the Civil War, of which the first shots were fired at Harper's Ferry, has brought justice to the Negro. The problem still remains for reason and good will. Violence did not solve it. But it is useless to contend, therefore, that John Brown's Raid and the war which followed were wrong. They were inevitable. This inevitability of action following the failure of thought Mr. Ehrlich makes the intellectual theme of his story. For him John Brown needs no explanation, no extenuation. He is a chosen vessel for what used solemnly to be called the wrath of God.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Mädchen in Tanzkleid

Invitation to the Waltz, by Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.

THE LITERATURE of girlhood increases season by season. Sometimes these investigations of the young girl's heart are conceived on the plane of simple honesty, giving only circumstantial evidence; others, particularly on the English side, are written to fine literary purpose. Rosamond Lehmann's new book is close to the girl psychology implicit in Virginia Woolf, and within the limitation set—a day and night or two in the trivial time of life—becomes the rival of Mrs. Woolf in delicacy, and takes, for beauty, shining precedence among them all.

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is not right and she is not quite beautiful. At the last moment they discover that Reggie, invited down from London as an escort, is about to take holy orders. "Take a curate to one's first dance!" Olivia has few partners, and they are not even desirable. And yet this is for her the entrance to life; each word, look, touch anticipates something of all that is to come for her later. The rigor of English social distinctions is carefully suggested. One is not allowed to forget that no matter how cleverly manipulated the play, the dice are always loaded and the cards stacked against the individual. Olivia, recognizing this, is still too tender in character to feel its sinister element.

The end of "Invitation to the Waltz" conveys its whole beauty of meaning. It is the day after the party:

> Everything's changing, everything's different. She ran for all she was worth down the path and out by the gate in the field . . . simply extraordinary. Life —she felt choked. . . . All the landscape as far as the horizon seemed to begin to move. Wind was chasing cloud, and sun flew behind them. A winged gigantic runner with a torch was running from a great distance to meet her, swooping over the low hills, skimming from them veil after veil of shadow, touching them to instant ethereal shapes of light. On it came, over plowed field and fallow. The rooks flashed sharply, the hare and his shadow swerved in sudden sunlight. In a moment it would be everywhere. Here it was. She ran into it.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

The Narrow Corner, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MR. MAUGHAM again shows himself a virtuoso in embroidering and embellishing an episode until it fills the space of a novel. He does this by establishing a medium for his story of derelicts in the South Seas, in the consciousness of Dr. Saunders, himself a derelict, who in ironical detachment creates the atmosphere of the story and imposes a certain unity upon its casual violence. No one will find "The Narrow Corner" lacking in interest. No one but the publishers will contend that its facile workmanship is a compensation for the immediacy and richness of life which makes "Of Human Bondage" a masterpiece.

R. M. L.

Marcela, by Mariano Azuela. Translated by Anita Brenner. Foreword by Waldo Frank. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THAT LIFE in Mexico is full of turbulent imprudence, is often vicious and always more or less a haphazard incident, may be the reason why the native writers are far inferior to the artists. The rich tales of the country are told and sung at fiestas to the tune of a guitar or they are painted on the walls of Cortez palaces, but they are seldom put into the form of a novel. Mariano Azuela, a still practising physician who was an army surgeon during the revolution of 1910-1920, is one of the few exceptions. His tales might almost be case histories; his plots are taken from real life, or at least give that impression; they are scarcely important, but his people have the sardonic humor of a Daumier.

In this second book to be translated into English, there is Marcela, who has the careless love life of any wild animal. She gives her body to Don Julian, not because she loves him, but because she is a peasant and, for generations before she was born, female slaves had lived soft lives if they were loved by the master of the big house. Marcela's life isn't very soft. Her lover kills one of her admirers, tries to kill another, succeeds in killing the only pure love of her life and then kills Marcela herself for her knowledge of his transgressions. The book, as Waldo Frank says in his foreword, "is a class-conscious melodrama; but it is much more. It is a portrait—accurate, racy, true —of Mexican life; of that depth of Mexican life which revolution has not really altered."

Dr. Azuela uses the patios of his characters, which is extremely difficult to translate. Anita Brenner has wisely rendered it into the slang of our city streets.

PEGGY BAIRD.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, who is the London correspondent for The New Republic, contributes also to The New Leader (London), The Clarion and The World Tomorrow. He has written several books, the most recent being "Rebel India," which was published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

NATHANIEL WEYL, who is at present studying for his Ph.D. at Columbia University, spent last summer working for unemployment organizations in Iowa.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, the author of a novel and a volume of verse, works as publicity man for the Macaulay Company and is at present completing another novel.

LINDSAY ROGERS, Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia University, has written several volumes on social subjects and contributed articles to magazines in this country and abroad.

ELLA WINTER, formerly a graduate and tutor in the London School of Economics, recently returned from Soviet Russia. She has written a study of the new human relationships in that country, which Harcourt, Brace will shortly publish under the title of "Red Virtue."

ALLEN TATE, who is now in Europe, is the author of two biographies of Southern heroes and two volumes of verse, the most recent being "Poems: 1928-1931." He it at present working on a life of Robert E. Lee.

SELDEN RODMAN, one of the founders of the Yale undergraduate magazine, The Harkness Hoot, and a co-editor of the new fortnightly magazine Common Sense, has recently published a book of verse, "Mortal Triumph."

HORACE GREGORY, a free-lance critic and poet of New York City, has published a volume of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," a translation of Catullus, and will publish a new book of poems in the spring entitled "No Retreat."

MURRAY GODWIN, a contributor to various magazines, is at present doing free-lance writing in New York City.

QUINCY HOWE, after six years on the editorial staff of The Atlantic Monthly in Boston, is now editing The Living Age, in New York City, in which capacity he follows closely the Continental press.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, who was formerly on the editorial staff of The Freeman and The Nation, has written a number of books of history and political science.

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GRANVILLE HICKS, an assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is working on a study of the modern American novel.

ERNESTINE EVANS, who has contributed frequently to various literary and popular journals, was formerly on the staffs of The Christian Science Monitor and The New York Tribune.

CARL CARMER, at present assistant editor of The Theatre Arts Monthly, is the author of a book of verse, "Deep South," and is a contributor to various magazines. He is now completing a book of prose on Alabama which will be published next year.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE has contributed to "The Fourth American Caravan," to The Hound and Horn and various other magazines.

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